SPIRIT OF THE TIMES AND LIFE IN NEW-YORK

A Sporting Paper; devoted to the Turf, the Ring, the Angler, the Hunter—News, Literature, Fashion, Taste, the Drama, and the Scenes of Real Life.

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NEW-YORK.

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GAME LAWS OF NEW-YORK.

OF THE PRESERVATION [illegible] AND CERTAIN GAME AND ANIMALS.—1. No person shall kill any wild buck, doe, or fawn, at any time during the months of January, February, March, April, May, June, or July.

2. Every person who shall expose to sale any green deer skin, or fresh venison, or who shall have the same in his custody, at any time during the months aforesaid, shall be deemed to have violated the first section of this title, unless he prove that the buck, doe, or fawn, of which such green skin or venison was a part, was killed by some other person.

3. Whenever any complaint shall be made to a justice of the peace, that a violation of the first section of this title has been committed, and that any green deer skin, or deer's flesh is concealed, he shall inquire into the matter, and if satisfied by competent testimony that there is reasonable cause of suspicion to justify such complaint, he shall issue his warrant to any constable of the town, authorizing a search in the day time, of any house, store, out-house, or other place, where such skin, or flesh is suspected to be concealed, and search shall be made accordingly.

4. Whoever shall violate the first section of this title, or shall conceal any green deer skin, or fresh venison, shall forfeit $12 50.

5. No person shall at any time hunt, pursue, or destroy any wild buck, doe, or fawn, with any bloodhound or beagle; and whoever shall offend herein, shall forfeit $12 50.

6. No person shall set any trap, or any spear made of iron, or other metal, or any sharp stick, either in or out of a pit, for the purpose of catching deer, nor shall any person watch in the night time for the shooting deer, within thirty rods of any highway. Whoever offends against either of these provisions, shall forfeit twenty-five dollars.

6. No person shall kill any heath hens, within the county of Queens, between the first day of January, and the first Wednesday in October; nor in the county of Suffolk, between the first day of January and the second Wednesday in September; nor shall any person kill any quail, or partridges, in the counties of Queens, Kings, Suffolk, and New-York, between the fifth day of January and the twenty-fifth day of September; nor in the county of Albany, between the first day of March and first day of October; nor shall any person kill any woodcock, in any of the counties above named, between the first day of February and the first day of July; nor shall any person kill any Pheasants in the county of Albany between the 1st day of March and the 1st day of October.

8. Whoever shall offend against the provisions of the last section, by killing any heath hen, shall forfeit twenty-five dollars; by killing any partridge, one dollar; and by killing any quail, woodcock, or pheasant, fifty cents.

9. Any person who shall expose to sale any heath hen, woodcock, quail, partridge, or pheasant, in either of the said counties respectively, or shall have any of the said game in his possession in either of the said counties, during the time when the killing of such game is forbidden by law, shall be deemed guilty of killing the same game, within the time prohibited.

10. No person shall kill any muskrat at any other place than along the line of some canal or artificial dam, or embankm[illegible] between the first day of May and the first d[illegible] November, in any year; whoever offends aga[illegible]is provision, shall forfeit one dollar for every muskrat killed.

11. The penalties prescribed in this title, shall be sued for, and recovered by and in the name of the overseers of the town where the offence was committed, in an action within three months after the commission of the offence, and shall be applied for the use of the poor.—*Revised Statutes, p. 701.*

The following, from a late London Courier, is a specimen of the matrimonial advertisements, seriously intended, which are common in London newspapers:—

MATRIMONY.—A gentleman whose rank and unblemished character permits him to address any lady desirous of an affectionate husband, and who will make it his constant study to render her completely happy, is desirous of *marriage*. His own fortune is ample to maintain his style of life in the circles he moves in; yet he is anxious to meet with a lady of highly cultivated mind, sincerity, and good humor, who also has fortune and connexions to add to his own influence and ability to elevate a prospective family. He will introduce his beloved wife into the higher circles of polished society. The fair sex will pardon this public mode of introduction, for which the thinking part are fully aware very sufficient reasons can be assigned. As he is sincere, he trusts no imposition will be attempted. Communications are sure to come to hand, directed, in the first instance, to R. S. T. U., post office, London. Honor and secresy are requested and pledged. The particular attentions of the fair sex are requested, this being no common application. Letters to be post paid, if practicable.

THE SPARROW PROTECTED.—M. Hecart, of Valenciennes, procured the kitten of a wild cat which he so effectually tamed, that she became the friend and protector of a domesticated sparrow. M. Hecart always allowed the sparrow to fly about at perfect liberty. One day a cat belonging to a neighboring house, had seized upon this sparrow, and was making off with it; but this wild cat, observing her at the very moment, flew at puss, and made her quit the bird, which she brought bleeding and half dead to her master. She seemed, from her manner, really to sympathise very sincerely with the situation of the poor sparrow, and rejoiced when it recovered from the injury, and was again able to amuse itself with this wild grimalkin.

"LIONS OF MYSORE." The Liverpool Chronicle contains the following advertisement of the Play on the evening of the 14th Feb. We have copied it, thinking it might amuse some of our laughter loving friends, and as a specimen of play bill writing, the other side of the Atlantic.

HYDER THE TERRIFIC; *Or, the Sensible Lascar of Mysore.*—Mr H. Beverly, ever anxious to gratify the Public, has produced the above *Splendid Melodrama*, at no expense at all, in order to exhibit the Evolutions of those *Extraordinary Animals* of the Forest, but not being able to procure them he has great pleasure in informing his Friends that he has prevailed on the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Establishment to *make Beasts of themselves for one night only!*

The DRESSES will be the best the house can produce—chiefly made of cotton and manufactured at Manchester.

The SCENERY—painted by numerous Artists—but as some have been number of years in the House, it would be impossible to find out the names of the Artist.

The MUSIC will be selected from the most Terrific Melo-Dramas.

An astonishing number of Supernumeraries are engaged, and that nothing may be wanting to add to the Procession, an IMMENSE WHITE HORSE has been engaged, and will be richly comparisoned with all "The Pride, Pomp, and Circumstance of *Glorious War.*"

CHARACTERS IN THE BURLESQUE.

Hyder (the Terrible) Mr. CARR. Sadhasing Mr. RAE. William Fuddle, Mr. REDFORD.

BEASTS.

The Lion, Mr H. BEVERLY; in which he will introduce a Parody on the Wolf. The Lama, Mr. HAMILTON—the Monkey, Mr. GRAINGER—the Tiger, Mrs. HARDING—the Boa Constrictor, Mr. ENGLAND. *The rest of the Beasts by the Ladies and Gentlemen of the Establishment.*

TOM BLANCHARD IN HAMLET.—This celebrated comedian, being once engaged with a strolling company, for the benefit of one of whose members, on a particular night, he had consented, with great good humor to DOUBLE *Guildenstern* with the *Grave-digger*. In the scene where Hamlet calls for the Recorders, Blanchard who could not long refrain from some sort of drollery, instead of the flute, came forward furnished with a bassoon. The actor who played Hamlet, exceedingly discomposed at this sight, was some time before he could arrange his muscles with sufficient gravity. At length, recovering himself, he thus went on with the scene:

"Will you play upon this pipe?"

"My lord, I cannot."

"I pray you!"

"Believe me, I cannot."

"I do beseech you!"

"Well, my lord, since you are so very pressing, I'll do my best,"—and immediately Tom, who was a good musician, struck up, with most spirit, *"Lady Caroline's Minuet"*—and went through the whole strain, with which he finished the scene; for Hamlet had not another word to say for himself.

SCOTCH INTELLIGENCE.—The acting Governor of Michigan has been bound over to keep the peace for cow-hiding an Editor!

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Confidential letters.—Letters intended for publication.

Modern literature.—Fragments of the feasts of the old writers served up in new dishes.

Constable.—A species of snapping turtle.

Modesty.—A beautiful flower that flourishes only in secret places.

A young man of talent.—An impertinent scoundrel who thrusts himself forward; a person without modesty; a noisy fellow.

Lawyer.—A learned gentleman, who rescues your estate from your enemy and keeps it himself.

My dear.—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Watchman.—A man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air.

Dentist.—A person who finds work for his own teeth by taking out those of other people.

A militia-officer perambulating his district, to take a list of such of the inhabitants as were liable to be enrolled, saw an old *comb-maker* at work, and thus addressed him: "Pray, honest friend, how old are you?"—"Not old enough (answered he) to be chosen a militia man: I'm a mere infant; don't you observe I am *cutting my teeth!*"

ELECTION ANECDOTE.—At an election some years since, a wealthy ship-owner, in a flourishing seaport town in Massachusetts, accosted a respectable mechanic, and asked him to which candidate he should give his vote? The man replied, "I shall vote for Elbridge Gerry." "Then," said the other, "I'll be d——d if you shall have any more work from me." The mechanic being of an independent spirit, in easy circumstances, and not caring to barter his principles for a *job*, coolly enquired of the ship owner, to whom he should give *his* vote? "To his excellency Christopher Gore," was the reply. "Then," said the mechanic, "I'll be d——d if I do any more work for you."

Hugo Arnot, sitting at his window in a violent fit of asthma, heard a man in a stentorian voice crying oysters. "Alas," said he, "that extravagant fellow wastes more breath, in one bawl, than would serve me a week."

Hugo's complaint must have been genuine, or else he loved oysters, but could not raise the nine-pence.—*Transcript.*

The young ladies of the village of North Adams, in Mass. have formed themselves into a temperance society; agreeing to *abstain entirely from drinking ardent spirits.*

Garrick once asked Rich, the manager of the theatre, how much he thought Covent Garden would hold. "I could tell you to a shilling," replied the manager, "if you would play Richard in it."

"Your sword is very troublesome," said a man very surlily to a young Irish officer in a crowd. "All my enemies are of the same opinion," replied the son of Mars.

A Scotchman giving evidence at the bar of the House of Lords in the affair of Captain Porteous, and telling of the variety of shots which were fired upon that unhappy occasion, was asked by the Duke of Newcastle, what kind of shot it was? "Why," said the man in his broad dialect, "such as they shoot *fools* (fowls) with, and the like." "What kind of fools?" said the duke, snatching at the word. "Why, my lord, *dukes*, (ducks) and sic like *vermin!*"

Dean Swift says, "It is with *narrow-mouthed people* as it is with narrow necked bottles; the less they have in them, the more noise they make in pouring it out."

STORY OF A SHARK.

I know a story of a shark—a fearful, bloody story—and one that haunts my memory night and day—dreaming or waking. When I was at Campeachy, in the spring of 182-, I formed a sort of pot friendship with a pearl-fisher, who had served under Nelson in the expedition to New-Orleans, and caught a host of yarns, and fresh fighting and things that I never heard of before; and I used to sit in his wigwam all night, and drink rum grog, while he went over his campaigns, and his wonderings. He was a merry fellow—and knew how to keep the joke fresh; and I liked his grog, and was compelled to like his company, for the yellow fever had broke out in our ship, and I was thrown upon our shifts till she came off her quarantine, so that I was contented to sling my hammock in the pearl diver's hut as long he would let me. One night I was drunk—perhaps he had made me so for particular ends—but if he did, he was punished for it. It was very dark and squally, and we were sitting alone in the hut, over the sleepy light of a mangrove fire. After looking at me some time with a serious and steadfast eye, Jose says, "Anderson, I will put my life in your hands; I have need of a friend to advise with, and I think you will not betray me. You have heard, for rumor is loud-tipped, that the cathedral of Neustra Senora was plundered about two years ago, and that two black men who were implicated in the sacrilege, suffered publicly on the wheel. There was another man who evaded detection. They died like men of honor, with the secret on their hearts, and yet he lives unknown and unsuspected. *I am that man!* Hush! the gold and silver vessels tempted my eye—and I never knelt at the altar without wishing to tear them down. The devil assisted me, and I did it. Madre de Dios!—such commotion as it made in the town! the people seemed to have made a vow to talk of nothing else, and the Padres yelled as if it had been doomsday. The poor blacks yelled too, but my name was never mingled with their confession—my punishment is for all. The golden cups and candle-sticks are buried under ten fathoms of water, among the rocks of an old fishing station. I know the place well. Assist me in raising them to-night, and I will share them with you, and we will both take the first chance of going to Honduras."

I consented at once—for the devil is ever ready to take advantage of a man's necessities—and we went down to the beach immediately, where Jose unfastened his canoe and we put off for the fishing station. The sea ran high, and we had enough to do to manage our slight craft. Jose experienced every one was not long in discovering the depository of his treasure, though the night was so dark, and the drift was so strong, that we could scarcely see beyond the bows, excepting when a streamer flashed through the clouds, and showed the heavy black waves mounting round about us. "It's a devil's bad night, Jose," said I, [illegible] the lightning glared over his face—it was pale as death. "To-night or never," he replied, wearing the device while I strip. He did not lose a moment in preparation, and after repeating his caution to steer up the craft, and keep near the place, he crossed his arms, and dropped heavily but quietly into the water. I thought I heard a cry as he descended, and my heart began to take the shape of fear. Jose had scarcely dived a fathom, when he rose again to the surface—apparently senseless and immovable. I thought he had stunned himself against the rocks. I called to him but he returned me no answer—I called again and louder, and still no reply. Cold with fear I paddled towards the place where the lightning had shown me his sinking body. One arm was lying listlessly upon the waves. I seized hold of it hastily—and dragged him into the boat. As I did so, blood—warm blood—spouted over my breast and knees—a streamer flashed across the firmament—I uttered a yell of horror, and let my head drop heavily at my feet. It was a headless trunk!—The jaws of the shark had anticipated man's justice: The punishment of the ill-fated and guilty Jose had only been protracted—not repealed."

HARD RUNNING.

John ran so long, and ran so fast,
No wonder he ran out at last;
He ran in debt, and then to pay,
He distanced all, and ran away.

An eastern publisher notifies his subscribers that those who pay their bills may have them receipted.

The following affecting affair happened at Moultonborough in 1787:

A boy of eight years old, son of Mr Leach, was sent to a pasture, towards the close of the day, to put out a horse, and bring home the cows. His father, living in a neighboring field, heard a cry of distress, and running to the fence, saw his child lying on the ground, and a bear standing by him. He seize[illegible] a stake, and crept along, with a view to get between the bear and the child. The bear took the child by the throat and drew him into the bushes. The father pursued till he came up, and aiming a stroke at the bear, the stake broke in his hand, and the bear, leaving his prey, turned upon his parent, who, in the anguish of his soul, was obliged to retreat, and call for help. Before any succor or help could be obtained, the evening was so far advanced, that a search was impracticable. The night was passed by the family in the utmost distress. The neighbors assembled, and at break of day renewed the pursuit. The child's hat, and the bridle which he had dropped, were found, and they tracked his blood about forty yards, when they discovered the mangled corpse. The throat was torn, and one thigh devoured. Whilst they were standing round the body, the bear rose from behind a log. Three guns were fired at the same instant, which despatched him; and a fire was immediately kindled, in which he was consumed. This was a male bear, of about three years old.—*Belknap's History of New Hampshire.*

YANKEE TRICK.—Some time [illegible] years of the Mississippi fell quite sudde[illegible] vessels which crews were not su[illegible] ready on the alert, grounded on the l[illegible] at New Orleans.—Among them was a [illegible] belonging somewhere "down East," and it was deem[illegible] by almost every one that it was impossible to float her again. The Captain however, was up to a thing or two, and accordingly, without communicating his intention to any one, repaired to the pastor of the Mariners Church in that city, and requested him to hold a Bethel meeting on board his vessel the ensuing Sabbath. This request was accordingly complied with. The Bethel flag was waving at the mainmast head of the brig, and the congregation was rapidly assembling. At this time the stern of the vessel was entirely out of water although her stern was afloat, the bank being very steep. A temporary stand had been erected about the bulwarks for the minister, and the sailors naturally took their places as near it as possible. The water was deep at the stern, and the weight of those on board inclined the plane so much that she slided gently off, and just as the service commenced was afloat. The captain perceiving that his object was accomplished, intercepted the pastor's torch, thanking him for his assistance, and then turned to the audience and declared that the meeting was dismissed.—*N. Y. Gaz.*

A HUNT ON THE BLUE MOUNTAIN,

OR, MY FIRST ESSAY AFTER DEER.

Here am I, amongst the wild scenes of nature, another Leatherstocking, blessing the "Great giver of life" that there is no bar to perfect freedom from the contrivings of civilization—a genius whose the laws of the white skins have scarcely reached, and who re the wild *creatures* of the woods can spare unharmed—scenes so wild and rough and rugged, that we cannot but cry shame on the tame petrels that pourtray nature as flat as a floor, and w[illegible]d smooth, neat, and pretty. Here I stand, on the point of a mountain ridge, that the rain has countless ages, washed clear of every thing like earth, leaving nothing but loose rocks, tumbled one on another; and out from among them grow crooked, gnarled trees, bare of leaves at this season,—their rough, broken bark covered with moss, which hangs like fringe from every limb—the rocks also are spread over with the same pensive garb. It is indeed a moss covered spot; every thing is tinted with its coloring, grey, hoary, and ancient. This universal mother tone has this moment changed to one of golden hue: for the sun has burst through the thick clouds, and brightly gilds every thing at hand on the dark back ground of the opposite mountain, and the deep black hollow where the Mahony flows, unseen, some hundred feet beneath. The innumerable crooked branches present quite a fantastic appearance: for the long moss, in many places, hangs in festoons from one limb to another, curiously gilt with the fiery tints of the setting sun. But what strikes my feelings more than all, is the *solitariness of nature*. In these wild regions all is mute as death—the numerous feathered tribes that abound in the regions of civilization are here almost unseen—not a sound is heard from any animated thing—the wind and the waterfall alone, seem to have being. To one bred up in the busy scenes of a city, it seems, indeed, like death.

I said that the creatures of the woods could have sport unharmed, but I believe there is no place where the wily hunter does not pursue them. For I yesterday chanced to fall in with one who had lived to hoary age amongst them, murdering the deaths of some hundred Deer, Bears, and other animals, that in his morning rise had haunted about. We soon became acquainted, and agreed to take to make our passage through a swampy piece of ground, tangled with brush, and underwood, and fallen trees. We then separated—the old hunter taking the right, his comrade the left, and myself the centre. Stepping silently and cautiously along, we pursued our course—"Still Hunting," as they call it—the dogs being kept close in behind us, and not allowed to go out. We had passed an hour or more in this way, though wonderful that had been annually burnt out by the hunters to keep down the undergrowth—when on a sudden, a sound new to me, but instantly understood, of the quick bounding of a Deer, struck my ear. I stopped, and found from its increasing loudness, the animal was coming directly towards me! All on the alert, I expected to signalize myself, and win the appellation of *Hunter*, that the old man had given me; but my hopes were [illegible]shed—for the heavy sound of his hoofs, as at each bound he struck the earth, changed in an instant, for he had caught my scent, and altered his course. In another moment, the crack of my companion's rifle, on the left, told me he had gone in that direction.—On coming up to him, I found he had taken a chance shot, while running, and missed. Patience is the hunters motto—so again we went, carefully and silently on, not russling a leaf if it could be avoided. We had now entered a thick hemlock grove—a tough, hilly piece of ground, with two or three rivulets running through it, when, again, the smart crack of the rifle was heard—*loud and* was the cry—the animal was wounded, and coming in my direction: he however ran off, and took the course of one of the rivulets, making for the creek to elude the dogs. After an hour's search we could discover no trace of him: still the old hunter would not give up, persuaded that he was secreted in the tangled swamp. Perseveringly we hunted the whole spot, sometimes up to the waist in water, at others clambering amongst fallen trees and bushes. A quick sight from the hunter, stopped us; his practised ear caught a low, wailing sound—again it was repeated, and turning towards the spot from whence it came, I saw through the bushes lying crouched in a hollow, formed by the upturned roots of a fallen tree, a sight that, for a moment, brought a painful feeling to the heart. There lay the wounded doe, her head turned over on her side, and beside her stood a young fawn. Game, however, was our object. I kept down the unruly feelings of nature, and cautiously raising my piece, I sent the deadly bullet through her head. The young thing bounded off, but in a moment came back, bleating after us, but passed, and followed the party home. The old hunter was tickled with pity at its fate, and he continues to nurse it with a kindness and gentleness that proves what the old man says—that boys hurt it shall never part.—*American Rural Sports.*

VARIETY OF GAME IN NEW-JERSEY.

There is perhaps no spot in the United States of the same area as the State of New-Jersey, which so abounds in the variety of game common in this country; certainly there is not, in any civilized or cultivated neighborhood in any part of our wide extended continent, a place where the sportsman and naturalist may resort, the one for ever attain, and the other for science, and so fully enjoy the objects of their pursuit as in the small but interesting state of New-Jersey.

SNIPE.—In march, and until their final migration to the north in May, all the low lands abound with these birds, but especially the meadows along the water courses. They are occasionally found through the summer, but return again in numbers from the north in September and October, and remain a short period previous to their flight for winter quarters to the south.

WOODCOCK.—It is well known to most of the sportsmen in the cities of New-York and Philadelphia, that Woodcock abound throughout every part of this state. The soil appears peculiarly adapted to the habits of these birds. Being soft, and free from stones and other hard substances, in every way suited to their long and flexible bills to penetrate in search of food free from obstruction. It is the favorite place of resort for sportsmen when in search of Woodcock in preference to any other ground, as their success is generally twofold more here than in other places. On the low lands west of New-York, and those meadows in the interior of the state, known generally by the name of "Ation Meadows," as well as those extensive low lands which bound the Delaware, commencing a few miles below Philadelphia, and running south for twenty or thirty miles, are places in which multitudes of these birds are destroyed, during the regular seasons for sporting. I have heard of a party of two or three gentlemen, on some spot to the former place having killed, in one day, upwards of eighty Woodcock; and but recently, I was informed by a gentleman, who formed one of a party on a fourth of July excursion, that on a very small spot of a few acres, in Salem county, as many as one hundred and fifty had been killed during that day, and numbers more on the same spot the day succeeding.

THE QUAIL, OR PARTRIDGE. This state appears to be the settled home for this most interesting of all birds. Of the great variety of birds which every where abounds throughout New-Jersey, none appears so much attached to its soil, as this innocent bird. Other birds, as the seasons change depart for distant climes: but the Partridge is ever to be found in this region; and when not persecuted by sportsmen, it becomes so accustomed to the sight of men, as to make it half domesticated. Whatever scarcity prevails generally in other districts, this well known bird may always be found here. Perched on a stump, or on the fence, beneath the shade of an apple tree, at the close of a sultry summer's day, the male bird sends forth those clear, expressive, and familiar words, "*Bob White*," which awaken so many pleasing recollections of the past, and enlivening anticipations of the future, that it is ever a welcome visitant. These notes, too, proclaim that "Seed time and harvest have come," for they are only during those months. The many uncultivated parts, the extensive tracts of buss land, and the numerous swamps, all afford so much protection to the Partridge from the many enemies which beset them on every side.

THE RUFFED GROUSE, OR PHEASANT. Among the pine and laurel hills, may be found sometimes in numbers, the Pheasant. How often in his solitary rambles through the wood, when the mind is intensely fixed on other objects, is the passenger startled with a loud, whirring noise, like distant thunder, which makes his flesh fairly crawl. It is this shy and most difficult of all birds to shoot, fleeing the face of man as its great adversary. I have, in September and October, seen these birds in flocks of from six to sixteen. I well recollect, in the fall of 1824, starting, one after another, fourteen I suppose from a large grape vine, which grew immediately opposite Philadelphia, on the edge of a thicket, well known to the sportsmen of the neighborhood by the name of "Keigh's Swamp, but I have seen them in greater abundance on the hilly hills of East Jersey, in the counties of Burlington, Monmouth, and Cumberland. They are difficult to kill, not only from the exceeding velocity of their flight, but by their seeking the most dense and difficult thickets, and their well known custom of running some distance first, and then flying off in an opposite direction from the sportsman.

PINNATED GROUSE.—The barrens of Gloucester, and other counties of this state, have been the most celebrated grounds east of the Alleghany, for this chief of our feathered game. In former years they were in great abundance on these barren grounds, which were then visited by old and juvenile sportsmen, who regarded the laws of shooting as well for example as from principle, and multitudes fell beneath the unerring aim of many gentlemen, who themselves are now murdered with the dead. But lately, through great persecution, by those who have no claims to the principles which constitute sportsmen, and who visit these grounds months before the season for shooting commences by law, and while the birds are in an unfledged state, the Grouse are driven from this favorite abode, to seek shelter in other and more retired spots among the mountains.

Year after year has this unhallowed persecution of the Grouse been carried on, until the species has been almost exterminated from the state. Of what satisfaction can it be to a man who claims the character of a sportsman, to destroy in numbers a bird so young as to be useless for the table, and possessing so little energy and power to fly, that an ordinary missile would answer the purpose to kill them as well as the gun; and that, too, so early in the season, that the heat creates putrefaction, and renders them unfit to bring home, and our *sot disant* sportsmen have no other evidence of their success, than the boasting which usually is so strong a feature in the characters of such persons? Is it not more praiseworthy to bring down, in sportsmanlike manner, one full grown bird, powerful on the wing, in October, than a score of young, squeaking birds, unable even to top the scrub oaks, for want of feathers and strength to support them?

RABBITS.—Of the abundance of these animals, every one seems aware; and although they do not rank in our catalogue as game, yet numbers find their way to the different markets, and by many are eagerly sought as a luxury. Fat to a certain description of gunners they afford much amusement; and in the absence of other species of game, the sportsman may divert his leisure hours, and find recreation frequently in hunting Rabbits. It often occurs, that a party of but few persons, will, with not much fatigue, kill from fifty, to fifty of these animals in a single day.

FOXES.—Of the variety of hunting in New-Jersey, less appears to be done after Foxes than any other animals, although in great abundance in every part of the state. In East Jersey, they are yet hunted in bushble, old fashioned style on horseback; but in the western part of the state, this appears, of late years, to be relinquished altogether, more, perhaps, from the difficult land to ride over, being generally covered with thickets and brushwood. And it is only towards the hilly days that here and there a few neighbors congregate for a Fox hunt, with horses, dogs, guns, &c. and altogether in a most unsportsmanlike way of hunting. The gunners, however, at Cape May, appear to have a mode adapted peculiarly to their neighborhood, of hunting "Sly Reynard," which is chiefly on small islands, situated on the sea side and separated considerably from the main land. On some of these islands, the Foxes are in great abundance, for hither they resort for the variety of food which may at all times be found along the margin of the sea, such as crabs, muscles, clams, gull's eggs, young birds, &c. and, as the covering consists of high grass, weeds and a species of bush common to these islands, and being altogether uninhabited, the Foxes propagate in numbers here, and at particular seasons afford fine sport to the inhabitants along the sea shore. The thickest cover grows on a ridge in the centre of these islands, from which to the water's edge, and where the tide ebbs and flows, forms a clear space. Consequently, when a party is made up, to hunt the Foxes, one or two dogs is the centre, with dogs, while others of the party are stationed on the lower end of the island, and shoot successively as the Fox passes them. And here the manners and cunning of the animal are often fully displayed, for frequently, when pursued by the hounds, which go by scent altogether, the Foxes, to avoid them, will run into the surf, and by keeping near the edge of the water, as the breakers roll over the sand, all the scent is effaced by the water, and the hounds are disconcerted. But few, however, with all their artfulness, escape, as the stationed gunners are ready at every point to receive them, and in this way many are killed.

DEER. Nothing is more common in the western part of New-Jersey, than deer hunting in the months of October, November and December, and it is scarcely credible, that in a country so thickly populated as is this state, and so adjacent to the city of Philadelphia, that such herds of these animals as may be found; multitudes are killed every fall in the counties of Monmouth, Burlington, Cumberland and Cape May. I have been on hunting excursions, wherein ten or twelve deer have been started in a single drive.

The manner of hunting these animals is by still shooting, or at stands. All the persons who compose the party, (except one or two, who act as drivers,) depart for distant places, designated as the stands for each hunter, and here they remain until what is termed, "the drive is out."—Th[illegible]e stands, generally, are on knolls of land in the wood, or in roads, and Deer paths, which continually intersect the region where these hunts take place, and are generally selected by experienced hunters, as places where the deer have repeatedly crossed during the night season. After a sufficient time is allowed for the individuals of the party to reach their respective stands, the drivers, with their hounds, commence a few miles distant, and drive directly towards some of the stands; and in this way it occurs, that as many as five or six deer are put in motion, which being pursued by the hounds, take different directions, and in running off very frequently pass the hunters at their stands and often fall victims to these artifices of their enemies. The gun employed generally is the double barrelled gun, charged with from twelve to twenty buckshot.

BEARS. It not unfrequently happens, that Bears are killed in the lower part of this state; indeed, every season furnishes some sport of this kind to the inhabitants of the lower counties.—Latterly, they have increased in such numbers in particular neighborhoods, as to become pests to the farmers, and as beach and clam-nuts are rare in that part of New-Jersey, other articles of food must necessarily supply the deficiency of this *staff* for the Bears; consequently they make frequent inroads on the corn fields, hog-sties, and sheep-folds, and during the present fall, numbers are suspected to be residents of Cape May county, where many hogs and sheep have already been killed by them. And but a few days since, I was informed by a gentleman, who was returning from Cape May to Philadelphia, that while crossing a large swamp a few miles from Tuckahoe, he saw two full grown Bears in the public highway.

This part of New-Jersey affords fine shelter for Bears: the interminable pines, extensive cedar swamps, and other immense thickets, are well adapted to shelter them from successful pursuit, and protect them in their torpid state, during the inclemencies of the winter. Now and then, however, some of these animals, possessing more temerity than their fellows, wander too far from their seclusion, and approach so near the settlements that they are shot. A few years since a colored man, who resided in Cape May county, purchased his musket, and accompanied by his hounds, entered a large pine swamp in search of deer. He had not proceeded far, before his dogs gave tongue, as he supposed, on the track of a deer, and after following the sounds for some distance he came up to his dogs, which appeared to have something at bay. Approaching nearer he discovered, sitting very unconcernedly, midway up a fallen pine tree, (which had lodged against another tree,) a large black Bear. After eying Bruin for some time, and hesitating whether to shoot it or not, or perhaps afraid to make an attack single handed, our adventurer concluded it the safer part to return home for more assistance which he accordingly did; but on coming back with reinforcement, he met the dogs, and found that the Bear had made off, and thereby lost a chance of successfully signalizing himself, as his musket was heavily loaded with buck-shot. Not so with old Mr. Finch and his son John. These celebrated hunters, so well known to the inhabitants of West Jersey, had been scouring some large swamps for deer, when the son entered a thicket, with the hope of arousing and shooting a deer; but the first animal he encountered was a bear, which he immediately shot, and to his surprize, up sprung a second; this he attacked with his musket, but before he could despatch it, a third came to its assistance, which proved to be the mother of both of the former. Here our hunter was in a "straight betwixt two"—but nothing daunted, he belabored both so manfully with his musket, and calling at the same time to his father, that he succeeded in repelling their attacks, until the old man came up, who shot the mother, and they jointly despatched the third.

WATER FOWL.—For the multitudes of Water Fowl, it is only necessary at this season of the year, and until spring, to visit the sea-side of New-Jersey, from Cape May to the highlands of Navesink. Here the shores teem with millions, forming almost every variety of Water Birds, of which our coast can boast, such as Snipes, Plovers, Ducks, Brant, Geese, Swans, and sometimes Pelicans, and nearly all the Heron kind. Other resort mainly to of gunners, during the season of shooting, who press to the naked points, across which, thousands of these Water Fowl pass, in their migratory movements, and the success attending such excursions, is almost incredible. The inland fresh water ponds, too, of Cape May, are visited by numbers, chiefly of the Black Duck, at which places, gunners lay in ambush, and on the approach of the Sea Fowl to feed in the ponds, open a most destructive fire among the flocks, whereby thousands are killed. The most noted points for shooting Ducks appear to be Squan, Manahawkin, Somers' Point, and the neighborhood of Cape May Court-House, as well as points adjacent to these.

Thus, when we survey a district so replete with animals, which invite from neighboring cities and states multitudes of sportsmen, we cannot help admiring the wisdom of the Legislature of New-Jersey, in enacting such laws, as will not only protect their own rights from aggression, but the innocent objects of their charge from undue destruction.

I believe, however, that New-Jersey is the only state in the Union, wherein the law affects the whole state. Other states have enacted laws, only to suit particular counties within their borders, upon the request of the inhabitants, for the protection of the game of their neighborhood.—These laws are obnoxious to unprincipled gunners, for the man who hunts for recreation, and is satisfied with a moderate quantity of game, is ever pleased with wholesome laws; and such can mostly find a welcome among the farmers of the hospitable state of New-Jersey at all times, when the objects of his sport are not wantonly destroyed, and his privileges abused by ungentlemanly conduct.—*American Rural Sports.*

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the arrival at this port, on Tuesday evening of the packet ship SHEFFIELD, Capt. Hackstaff, we have received Liverpool papers to the 8th, (whence she sailed.) and London dates to the 7th.

The Reform Bill is still pending in the House of Commons, and that the Ministers have sufficient strength to carry it through that body, notwithstanding the unrelenting hostility shown to the measure by the Tory members, there can be no doubt. The House of Peers is, however, the great stumbling block, and we think it pretty evident from the tone of the liberal papers, that the majority of the Peers are still determined to vote against it. Equally apparent is it, that Earl Grey is adverse to taking the only step that can remove the difficulty—the creation of a number of new Peers.

The Duke of Cumberland, with about twenty other Peers, it is said, threatened that in case an addition was made to the Peers in order to carry the reform Bill, they would secede from the House.

Cases of Cholera in England, are becoming more numerous. The Journals, however, continue to doubt its existence, and assert with much plausibility that many of the cases reported as Cholera, are not that disorder in reality, on the other hand, it cannot be supposed that the government would unnecessarily magnify an evil, attended with such serious consequences to the welfare of the country.

The troops sent from France have actually landed in Italy, and there is a good deal of speculation afloat as to the consequences; meantime, edicts of a most sanguinary nature have been issued by the officers of the Pope against those concerned in the late insurrection movements.

Belgian affairs are still unsettled. It is positively denied that the interference of Russia is of a nature to encourage the King of Holland to withold his assent to the twenty-four articles of the London Conference.

In France all is tranquil, notwithstanding it is said, that numerous arrests continue to take place of persons implicated in the late conspiracy. The Chamber of Peers have again refused their assent to the abrogation of the law authorising the solemnization of the anniversary of the 21st January. *Courier.*

THIRTEEN DAYS LATER.

By the arrival of the packet ship Hudson, Capt. Morgan, on Thursday morning, London dates to the 20th March have been received.

The political state of Europe is becoming every day more unsettled.

The cholera continues its ravages in London. The number of new cases from the 8th to the 19th, eleven days, was 503, and of deaths, 264. Whole number of cases, 911; deaths, 500. Consequently more than half the cases have proved fatal.

The number of cases of Cholera that have occurred in England, are 6168,—deaths, 3025.

The Reform Bill has not yet passed the House of Commons. It was expected to be got through on the following evening.

Advices from Brussels reached London on Saturday, and strong hopes are entertained of the satisfactory issue of Count Orloff's mediation, without any modification of the 24 articles, or unworthy sacrifice on the part of Belgium.

The tone assumed of late by the Duke of Wellington towards M. Casimir Perier, and the bitterness of Lord Aberdeen on the subject of Louis Phillipe, are attributed by some to the instigations of Lord Stuart de Rothsay.

By the arrival of the Fourness, Capt. Orne, from Havre, on Wednesday evening, Paris papers were received to the 17th inst. from which we extract the following highly interesting articles respecting the present critical state of affairs in Europe.

From the Constitutionel.

PARIS, March 16.—The state of France is at this moment so ticklish, that even a rumor is sufficient to weaken the confidence in the Government, and to dislocate what has been healing during 20 months. The spirit of agitation is abroad, and makes its appearance by starts in different places. Although the Carnival be over, a masquerade took place last Sunday at Grenoble, at which the actual Ministers of Louis Phillip were represented in a most degrading manner. The authorities of the city endeavored to put a stop to the insulting exhibition, but the mob resisted. The National Guard was called out, but did not attend to the call in an efficient number. The troops of the line attacked the populace and bayonetted some of them. It was even said that the mob had taken possession of the town.

M. Berrier, who lately attempted to drive his cabriolet over Louis Philip, was brought before the Chamber of Accusation, [something similar to the British grand jury,] who declared that the accusations were not sufficently authenticated.

On the 11th a burlesque masquerade took place, in ridicule of the Ministers. The commandant shut the gate when the masquerades had got on the out side. The populace exhibited great indignation, and the gate was opened after some time.

[From the Messager des Chambres.]

March 17.—The angry feelings excited among the people by the Dutch Government, against the Belgians and French, have been the cause of an unpleasant affair which may lead to serious consequences, namely, their violent conduct at Rotterdam towards the French Consul whom they took from his carriage, and threatened to throw into the water. The following statement of facts appears in the Brussels Independant:—" M. Laurence, the French Consul at Rotterdam, has had a very narrow escape from becoming a victim to the popular animosity. The Consul, accompanied by his lady, was driving through the city, and when he arrived at a bridge near the Port, his carriage was stopped by several individuals, two of whom were well dressed and spoke French; they assailed him with imprecations against France and her Government, and threatened to throw him into the water. On M Laurence asking them if they knew who they were addressing, they replied, "Yes we know you perfectly well; you are the envoy of the republicans and jacobins of Paris. We will have no more of you; into the water—into the water!' away with the envoy of the King of the Jacobins!" They then seized him, dragged him out of the carriage, and would have thrown him into the water but for the screams of his lady, which brought a crowd of people to their assistance, when the assailants took to their heels.

" M. Laurence having arrived at his hotel, immediately despatched the particulars of the affair to the French Ambassador at the Hague. The Dutch Government, on hearing of the facts did all in their power to hush the matter up, and keep it a profound secret."

In Italy the tricoloured flag has spread the greatest excitement; from Piedmont to Naples the people have been electrified by its appearance.

Miss Zozian.—This Lady, who has so often been before the public, after suffering much distress, is at length settled in Pond street Brighton, in a shop for sale of Fancy articles. On her printed card she writes:—N. B. Washing taken in by the reduced relation of the Earl of Lonsdale.

GEORGE IV. AND SIR J. M'MAHON.—When our late monarch held his court at Carlton palace, he came rather unexpectedly into a room where Sir John M'Mahon was warming his feet at the fire, the weather being damp. The opening of the door announced the then Prince Regent's arrival, and the Baronet turned hastily round his back having previously been opposite to the entrance, and in some confusion advanced, making an inclination of his head. "Never mind Mac," said the late King, in his affable manner, "I always knew that you were a wit soul." (sole.) These little jeux d'esprit were immeasurable with his majesty. *Ib.*

SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY.

WASHINGTON, April 11th, 1832.

It was in the beautiful month of April—the locality Washington—the hour eight o'clock in the evening. The moon was bright—the sky was clear and blue—the dust of the Pennsylvania Avenue quiet—the pretty girls with their beaux walking about—the M. C's recovering from the effects of an ill cooked dinner. Mr. Stanberry of Ohio walked out with a pistol (not percussion lock,) loaded and stowed away in his pocket—Gov. Houston of Tenn. with his usual walking cane. In the neighborhood of Gadsby's Hotel these two gentlemen met. "Is your name Stanberry?" asked Gov. Houston, very coolly. "It is," replied Stanberry. "Then," continued the Governor, "there need be no ceremony—I am Gov. Houston—You know me and my business—I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of chastising you for unworthy conduct." He immediately up with his left hand and gave Mr. Stanberry the chastisement—I say left hand, because Gov. Houston has lost the use of the right one in a battle with the Indians at the Horse Shoe. Mr. Stanberry pulled out a pistol and flashed it in the face of his antagonist. Governor Houston knocked it out of his hand and carried it off at the close. A crowd soon collected. A person stepped up to Governor Houston and began to talk. "Don't interfere with me my good friend," said Houston in a very menacing tone. The person soon retired.

Such are the particulars of the *rencontre* which has been the subject of great excitement in this city for the whole day, both in and out of Congress.

This is the Courier's version of the affair which is from a correspondent. The cause of this fracas is traced (so it is said,) to a *lady*, and indeed we had a suspicion of as much ourselves. The morning succeeding, Mr. Stanberry in a note to the Speaker of the House, informed him that in consequence of this affair, he was unable to attend, &c., whereupon a most virulent debate ensued, which eventuated in the Speaker's empowering the Sergeant at Arms to arrest Houston and bring him before the bar of the House. He is represented as being a fine portly looking man, dressed in a dark close coat and white vest, and entered attended by the Sergeant at Arms. He had formerly been a member of the House, and marched up to the seat prepared for him with ease and confidence. He seated himself. In a moment he rose up uncovered. The Speaker addressed himself to him in a slow solemn tone. "Samuel Houston," said he, "you are called to the bar of this House, to answer to a charge made against you of assaulting a member of this House for words spoken in debate." He then asked him if he wanted counsel, and whether he required any time to prepare for his defence. Gov. Houston replied in a very collected, slow, distinct tone,—"I want no counsel—I have several witnesses to examine. This is a great and important question, involving the rights of an American citizen, and I shall require twenty-four hours to prepare my defence against the charge preferred." He then sat down, and was immediately conducted out of the House by the Sergeant at Arms in the same manner he had entered. A resolution then passed appointing a committee to prepare and arrange the order of the proceedings in the trial which is expected to take place on Wednesday.

Such is the first day's proceedings in an affair which has given rise to a great deal of conversation, speculation, excitment, and political feeling.

Later advices give reports of the debates on the case, which are rather interesting, but we have no room this week, and must conclude with an extract from the speech of Mr. Fitzgerald, of Tennessee, the successor of Davie Crockett, of "panther" memory. In alluding to certain particulars pretty generally known and talked of at Washington, as constituting the cause of attack, he says: "Suppose I only put the case hypothetically. Suppose in some future time or age, when the people shall become corrupt, and the House of Representatives partake of that corruption—Suppose in such a state of morality a member of this House should find his track crossed in an *amour* by another person, not a member—suppose that member in a fit of jealousy for the loss of his lady bird, should take advantage of his place and privileges in the House, and assail the character and impeach the general integrity of his more fortunate rival, would it be proper for this house—would it be constitutional to consider that the privileges of this house had been infringed by a brawl growing out of such an *affaire du cœur*!"

"Such is the substance of the affair frequently spoken of in this place as the cause of the original quarrel. Oh, woman! woman—beautiful, bewitching woman, from the siege of Troy down to the very moment we live, what charming feuds—what delightful quarrels—what extatic fights thou hast been the cause hereof!"

The following which we copy from the Marietta (Ohio) Republican, has made no little stir among the "corps editorial." Some pronounce it a fact, while others think it a cock and bull story; at any rate it is worth reading, and may be true, though we are inclined to doubt it, for if such an expedition had been sent out by government we should, in all probability, have heard from it long ere this.

EXPEDITION WEST OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—We have been informed that during the sessions of Congress for 1820-21 an act was past authorising the raising of a company of 42 men to explore the Rocky Mountains and north from the Mexican line, the Bearing straits, and 83 degrees north latitude. We have endeavored to lay our hands upon the act, but have not succeeded in so doing; although assured by many of our citizens that it is within their recollections. From the long time the company have been absent (nearly eleven years) all hopes of their return was abandoned, as it was supposed they had either fallen victims to the savages or the severity of the climate.

On Wednesday evening the 15th, one of the party, Mr. William Clawson, stopped at the house of a gentleman in Fearing township in this county, on his way home wards, (Northumberland county, Pa.) who has politely furnished us with the following particulars obtained from Mr. C.

The Company consisting of Col. Henry Leavenworth, commandant, from near Albany N. Y. Scipeo Hasler, a native of France Topographical engineer; James Watson, from Baltimore, Md. professor of Chemistry; Drs. Henry Williams, from Baltimore, and John Gitts from near Philadelphia, physicians—under pay of $80 per month—and thirty seven privates under pay of $20—organised in Washington City, and left there in July, 1824, from thence they proceeded to Erie, where they went on board the topsail schooner Capt. Birdsel, landed at Green Bay and wintered—went by Prairie du Chiens to St. Anthony's falls, Mississippi—went up St. Peter's 300 miles in search of lead mines, where they discovered several very valuable ones—wintered there—went down the same river, and down Mississippi to the mouth of the Missouri to the foot of the Rocky Mountains—wintered there, and continued to the middle of August—then crossing the Mountains, and were west eight years. While travelling by the Frozen Ocean, and having been over into Asia, south towards the head of Columbia river, they were overtaken by a snow storm, and compelled to build houses and stay there nine months, six of which the sun never rose and the darkness was as great as during our nights. The snow part of the time, was 11 feet deep, and the company were compelled to eat 11 of their pack horses to prevent starving, whilst the only food the horses had was birch bark which the company cut and carried to them by walking on the snow with snow shoes. Each of the company was armed with a double barrelled rifle, made for the purpose, a brace of pistols, sword, butcher knife and a tomahawk, with an edge and three spikes. Added to these they carried on a horse a small brass piece of ordnance taken from General Burgoyne in the revolution. After passing the mountains they passed 356 different Indian tribes, some perfectly white, some entirely covered with hair (denominated the Esau Indians,) who were among the most singular, and so wild that the company were compelled to run them down with horses to take their dimensions which was part of their duty, whilst other evinced the most friendly disposition.

Whilst west of the mountains they fell in with a tribe denominated the Copper Indians, who receive their name from owning extensive Copper mines; 300 of them armed with bows and copper darts, copper knives and axes, attacked the company in day time; a severe action ensued, and only about thirty of the Indians escaped—the rest were killed or wounded, with a loss of two of the company, and several wounded.

Among the various discoveries made by the company we have only room to mention those of extensive beds of pure salt, the largest of which was 18 acres, several inches deep, on the borders found to be pure and wholesome; also innumerable beds of alum, iron, lead, copper, gold and silver ore, the gold almost pure. Among the animals, Mr. C describes the grisly grey bear, as the most ferocious, and lord of the forest.

The weight of several killed by the company varied from 60 to 125 pounds. Their strength was surprising, and tales told of it was almost beyond belief.

The remains of the company started for home in August 1831. They re-crossed the mountains on the heads of the Missouri river, there built a boat and those who were lame went on board, the rest on foot. Leavensworth being lame, rode on horseback with those on foot, and is supposed to be now in Washington City by Mr. C.—Of the company five died by sickness, one by breaking a wild horse, one by the fall of a tree, and fifteen were killed by the Indians—total 22. Among them was Dr. Williams, who was killed by the Blackfoot Indians, three miles from the Rocky Mountains on the way out. He was found by the company shot, tomahawked and stripped naked. Three of the fifteen were never found, supposed to have been killed near the head of the Columbia river. Ten of nineteen of the survivors are lame, some by the Indians and some by accident. Capt. Leavensworth is among the number. He was on horseback half a mile distant from the camp when he was shot by an Indian, which broke his thigh and dropped his horse—the horse fell upon the injured leg and broke it again below the knee. The horse continued to hold him thus, whilst the Indian ran up to scalp him, when Capt. L. seized a pistol from his saddle and shot him dead, after which he was got safe to camp.

We are aware the above sketch is very imperfect and far from being satisfactory, but it will at least prove interesting. The notes taken by the company will be published, and we look with some anxiety for a notice of their arrival in Washington. It cannot fail of being gratifying to the citizens of the country to know that even a part of the company have returned, besides the joy it must give their relatives and friends.

Dean Swift once travelling on foot, arrived late at a market town, at which he resolved to take a bed. All the inns were full of strangers on account of a fair which was at that time held in the town. The facetious doctor could only find a sorry public house, in which he was obliged to share a bed with a farmer who had arrived before him. Although secretly chagrined at this disappointment, he forbore to express it. The two companions had been but a few minutes in bed, when the farmer began to enter into conversation with the doctor, whom he informed, that he had made some lucky bargains at the fair. "In regard to myself," said Swift, "I am not so fortunate as you; I have only hung six since the commencement of the assizes." "What do you mean," exclaimed the farmer "by hanging?" Pray what is your business?" "It is now and then a good one," replied the doctor: "I am hangman to the county." "Is it possible?" exclaimed the farmer, starting up; "are you *Jack Ketch*?" "Yes," repied Swift, "I reckon that I shall have six to hang next week at Tyburn, one of whom will be dissected and another hung in chains." The farmer was now so alarmed that he rose from his bed, burst open the door of his room, and disturbed the whole house with his noise. The host came to his assistance.—" Oh you villian!" exclaimed the farmer; " you have put me in bed with a common hangman—is it thus that you treat honest and respectable people in your house? Oh deliver me from such a wretch! To sleep with the common hangman—oh! horrible." The host now began to think the farmer was mad, and turned him into the street, and the doctor thereby obtained the bed to himself.

AN UNPLEASANT DILEMMA.

In consequence of the extraordinary circumstance of a Wild Cat having been killed in Lyndfield during the past winter, we advert of a few weeks since to the astonishing alteration which has taken place in this section of the country during the last half century, and the almost entire extinction of beasts of prey. We believe that the last wild animal of the feline tribe which has been seen prowling in this vicinity, was a Wild Cat, of extraordinary size and most ferocious appearance, which was shot in the Oak Land more than twenty years ago. These animals were once numerous in this part of New-Hampshire, and proved excessively troublesome to the farmers—who declared war against them—even to the knife.

About thirty years since a farmer in a neighboring town, went to his barn early one cold morning, in the winter season to fodder his cattle. With pitchfork in hand, he mounted the scaffold to pitch down some hay. He had hardly commenced this operation, when he was sadly frightened at beholding two enormous eyes glaring at him from a beam within a few feet of his head. He soon ascertained to his confusion that it was a monstrous Wild Cat, which appeared in the act of crouching, preparatory to a fatal spring. Self preservation whispered the farmer to become the assailant, and accordingly, without losing time in idle compliments, he made a desperate attempt to transfix the savage animal with his pitchfork; but unhappily the tines of the fork only passed through the skin, grazed the back bone of the animal, and nailed him to the roof. He felt himself wounded, and uttered the most horrible discordant noises, at the same time making violent efforts to get free. The farmer meanwhile held on to the end of the pitchfork, expecting every moment that his struggling and noisy antagonist would break loose, and sever him limb from limb.

The poor man bawled right lustily for aid—but the barn being at a considerable distance from the house, he could not succeed in making himself heard—and in this unenviable situation, with the thermometer at zero, he was compelled to remain, until one of his sons wondering what detained his father so long from breakfast, went out to the barn—where he beheld the antagonists facing each other—the quadruped trembling with pain and rage, the biped with fear. The youth very unceremoniously seized another pitchfork, and without any regard to the rules of honorable warfare, soon gave the whiskered gentleman his *quietus*.—*News Letter.*

A person in the Massachusetts Hospital lately had his lower lip removed by Dr. Hayward, in consequence of a cancer, which could not otherwise be destroyed. No inconvenience ensued, and the patient bore the operation well.

This man may truly say, "my *kissing* days are now over."

The Editors of the Daily Emporium, New-Orleans, and the Herald, Kingston, U. C. will please accept our thanks for their favorable notices and the insertion of our prospectus.

THE ADVANTAGE OF BEING LITTLE.—The N. York Mercantile, of Monday, says: "The only Boston papers that have reached us the last two days, are the Transcript of Friday, and Post of Saturday."

So we go! nimble sixpence fashion. Whilst the big ships are weighing anchor, we up killock and are off. Close hauled or going large, our bounty boats keep on their way, and if a rock or sand bar is ahead, they bounce on the swelling wave and jump it.—*Transcript.*

A CLINCHER.—A celebrated Medical Lecturer in a neighboring state, once described a glandular swelling as being as "large as an apple." One of the students audibly whispered, "as large as a *piece of chalk*." "It was about the size of a *large apple*," resumed the Lecturer. "A large piece of chalk," repeated the wag, in an under tone. "It was as large as my *fist*," thundered out the indignant Lecturer—at the same time doubling it up, and shaking it at the obnoxious person.—*Doctor Noah's Letter.*

The ladies of Sumterville, S. C. sent a toast to a mollifying dinner, highly commending, approving and encouraging such doctrines. Ah, ladies, you should be in favor of *women*.

A member of Congress asked a pious New-Yorker for a list of articles on which the present duties should be materially reduced, and received on a scrap of paper in reply—" *Post Office Clerks.*

FIRE.—About half past 10 o'clock Sunday evening, a fire broke out in the Bakery belonging to Mr. L. R. Derby, situated in the basement story of his dwelling house, No. 22 Liberty, near the corner of William street. The interior of the building was destroyed.

"How do you think Lacy done the Devil, at Covent-garden?" asked one of a coterie assembled as usual at the Garrick after the play—"Why," replied the punster, "he has done like a very Greek—by showing himself to be quite a Lacy demonian.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson have expressed their determination to return to England by the packet of the 21th inst. from this city.

Peach trees are in blossom at Alabama and fig trees are in bud.

The Montreal Gazette of March 23 says: Mr. Anderson the tragedist, will be in Montreal in a few days, when it is his intention to give one Concert only, prior to his return to England. A Montreal audience will, we hope, kindly receive this stranger, who has been persecuted in the U. States, and reward his merits.

EXTRACTS FROM A MODERN DICTIONARY.

Belle—A beautiful, but useless insect without wings, whose colors fade on being removed from the sunshine.

Housewifery—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among young girls and wives. Now entirely out of use, or practised only by the lower orders.

Wealth.—The most remarkable quality of a man.

Virtue.—An awkward hit it of acting different by from other people. A vulgar word. It creates great mirth in fashionable circles.

Managers of Lotteries.—Men who pay the big shops are weighing anchor, we up killock leg stature for cheating the people.

"O DOUBLE DEATH!"—According to a Detroit paper, two Canadians murdered each other, a few days since, at a public house in Belden. Their names were Driscoll and Reynolds—the particulars are not yet ascertained, but the case is likely to prove a second edition of the "*Kelleyang Cuts.*"

EUROPEAN STOCK RISING.—A western editor avails himself of the compliments of the season, to offer his services in Congress, in the following pithy but polite paragraph:

"James H. Birch, the senior editor of this paper, reciprocates with his friends and patrons the civilities and kind wishes of the season, and respectfully announces himself a candidate to represent the people of Mississippi in the 23d Congress.

Police Reports.

NEW-YORK.

SUNDAY.—Mary Smith and two other young women were accused of keeping a disorderly house by one of their neighbors, a Mrs. Macdeland. It appeared that Mrs. M. had been annoyed by them for some time, and had a quarrel with one of the prisoners, which resulted in the destructive use of a cowskin on both sides. Two of them were held to bail for good behavior, and the other acquitted.

Three black women were taken up last night for picking the pockets of a man by the name of Struck, of a watch, money, &c. in Walnut street.

On saturday night the cabin of the sloop Revenge was broken into and robbed of a pocket-book containing $118, the property of the captain.

VIOLENT ASSAULT.—A poor blind mendicant who usually strolls around the Park, led by a large dog, was taken out, very much wounded, from the first or lower basement of a cellar, under the house 93 Orange street.

It appears from his statement, that David Rogers, in whose abode the wounded man was found, had for some cause as yet unconfirmed, struck the old man twice on the head with a large and heavy billet of wood, and left him, lying in the cellar where he was found. Rogers has been committed for trial.

On Saturday afternoon an athletic colored fellow named Chas. Reed was brought to the Police Office, and from thence fully committed for trial, on a charge of having amused himself and annoyed sundry others by assaulting every person who passed by a position which he occupied in Centre street. A gentleman who observed his outrageous conduct attempted to arrest him, but was immediately knocked down and much injured by the fellow. Several who witnessed this assault rushed forward to arrest Reed, upon which he fled, but being closely pursued he plunged into the Sewer at the head of Canal and Centre street, where he was soon closely pursued by two or three persons, all of whom came out with their prisoner entirely shrouded with mud.

When Reed's face was washed at the Police Office, he was recognised as an old acquaintance there, who had just been discharged from an imprisonment of three years.

Science of Self-Defence

AND

Great Wrestling Match!!!

J. HUDSON, of Boston, respectfully informs the gentlemen of New-York, patrons of the above science, that he will give an Exhibition on Monday evening next, at the *THEATRE HOTEL*, adjoining Park Theatre, on which occasion he will be assisted by W. H——n, a celebrated amateur of this city, and several others who have pledged themselves to assist him.

On this evening J. Hudson will contend with a Gentleman Amateur from the South, weighing 18 stone 4 lbs.

N. B. There will be TWO MATCHES take place on the above evening, between three celebrated *Wrestlers* of this city, for the purpose of deciding a wager.

Sparring to commence at 8 o'clock. Tickets, 50 cents each, to be obtained at the Bar.

SELF DEFENCE.

J. HUDSON, *from Boston*, would respectfully inform the Gentlemen of New-York, and its vicinity, that he has taken the large room in the *Theatre Hotel*, adjoining the Park Theatre, for the purpose of giving instruction in the Manly Art of SELF DEFENCE. Gentlemen wishing to take Lessons in the above Science, will please make application at the Room, where the terms will be made known.

N. B. Gentlemen wishing to take Private Lessons, can be accommodated. af21

SPRING R——S.

Dutchess County Races.

THE Spring Races, over the Dutchess County Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 15th of May, and continue three days.

First day—At 12 o'clock, sweepstakes for three year old colts, one mile heats, for $300 each, $100 forfeit—eight subscribers.

At two o'clock two mile heats; purse $200.

Second day—At 2 o'clock, three mile heats, purse $300.

Third day—At 2 o'clock, 1 mile heats; purse $500. *Poughkeepsie, April 18, 1832.*

TREE-HILL RACES,

WILL commence, as usual, on the second Tuesday in May next.

First Day.

The celebrated Stallion Stakes will take place this day. The produce of the best Stallions of the land will make their first effort, for the fame of themselves and sires. On the event of this race depends much of the future success of those justly celebrated racers, Tonson, Eclipse, Gohanna, Medley, Contention and Arab. The number of colts of their get, in training for this stake, ensures a race worthy of Virginia in her best day.

Entrance $200—mile heats—play or pay.

Subscribers.

1. Jno. M. Botts' produce of Gohanna.
2. Jas. J. Harrison's Arab.
3. T. Watson's Mens. Tonson.
4. Th. P. Hare's Contention.
5. Wm. R. Johnson's Medley.
6. Walter Livingston's Eclipse.

Second Day's Race.

Proprietor's Purse $300—two mile heats—entrance $15.

After this race, will be run a Sweepstake—mile heats—entrance $200—half forfeit.

Subscribers.

1. J. M. Selden enters b. f. by Tonson, out of a Hounds mare.
2. Wm. Bouton enters s. c. by Gohanna, out of a Tom Tough mare.
3. J. W. Wintree enters b. c. by Gohanna, out of Bay Yankee.
4. Wm. H. Roane enters gr. f. by Gohanna, out of his Independence mare.
5. Thos. Watson enters b. c. by Tonson, out of a full sister to Tuckahoe.
6. Jno. M. Bods enters b. c. by Gohanna, out of Dairy Maid.
7. F. P. Corbin enters b. f. by Trafalgar, out of a full sister to Star.
8. Wm. R. Johnson enters s. c. by Tonson, out of Betsy Robinson.
9. A. Armstrong enters produce of Cageun's Hornet mare by Spring Hill.

As the produce of Eclipse is in the Stallion Stakes, it is hoped the northern stable of Mr. Stevens will try on Virginia [illegible] the speed and bottom of his famous [illegible] The stable from the Central Com[illegible] be there; which, together with the [illegible] a field of opponents shou[illegible] wins.

April 6. *Ithaca Journal & Ithaca Chronicle.*

FAIRFIELD [illegible]RSES,

WILL commence on [illegible] Monday in April next and conclude [illegible]

First day, a post sweepstake for [illegible] and fillies 3 years old; one mile heats, to start without distance, play or pay. Six subscribers [illegible] entered.

Mr. Bowie, [illegible]
Mr. Garrison, [illegible]
Mr. Johnston, [illegible] Mr. Adams.

A sweepstake for colts and fillies to close on the 1st of April—four or more to make a race; to which there are three subscribers.

Second day, Proprietor's purse, two mile heats, $300—entrance $15.

Third day, Jockey Club purse, four mile heat—entrance $20. Purse 600 dollars, without discount.

By order of the Club.
JOHN MINGE, } *Proprietors.*
RICHARD ADAMS, }

JERUSALEM RACES.

THE second Spring Meeting will commence on the second Tuesday in April next, and continue 4 days.

First day—Sweepstake for 3 years old colts and fillies 1 mile heats—entrance $100, half forfeit—four subscribers to make a race, two already entered; and to close the 1st day of April.

Second day.—Proprietor's Purse—2 mile heats, $150.

Third day.—Jockey Club Purse—$500, 3 mile heats.

Fourth day.—Sweepstake for 3 years old colts and fillies, mile heats—entrance $500, half forfeit four subscribers to make a race, one already entered; to close the 1st day of April next.

The Subscriber having purchased the entire interest of this course, pledges himself to use all the means in his power (and they are ample) to give general satisfaction.—The track will be put in complete order, and good stables and litter furnished as usual.—The Newmarket rules to govern in all cases.

RICHARD S. NICHOLSON, *Proprietor.*

SAVANNAH JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE RACES over the Broadventure Course, four miles distant from the city, will commence on *Wednesday, the 18th day of April next*, under the exclusive control and direction of the Stewards and Officers of the Club.

Free for any Mare, Horse or Gelding, in the United States.

First day—*April* 18.
4 Mile heats, for a purse of $500.
Second day—*April* 19.
3 Mile heats, for a purse of $400
Third day—*April* 20.
2 Mile heats, for a purse of $250
Fourth and last day—*April* 21.
3 in 5 of 1 mile heats for $400
(And gate money of that day.)

Weights, &c. according to the rules of the Savannah Jockey Club.

☞ The Augusta Chronicle, Athenian, Milledgeville Journal, and Charleston Mercury, are requested to insert the above once a week until the 18th April.

RICHARD D. ARNOLD,
March 16th, 1832. *Secretary.*

COLTS SWEEPSTAKE.

ON Wednesday the 16th of May, 1832, a Colt's Sweep Stake will be run for over the Lexington Course—two mile heats—free for any Colts foaled in the State of Georgia the spring of 1829. Entrance 50 dollars, one half forfeit on failing to run. Five already entered.

And on the following day a Sweep Stake, mile heats, over the same course, will be run for—free only for Colts foaled in the State of the Spring of 1829—30 dollars entrance, one half forfeit—two entered, and four to constitute a race. The races to be governed by the rules of the turf.

Persons wishing to enter Colts for either of the above Races can obtain [illegible] written or personal, to John D. W[illegible] secretary, by giving the name and [illegible] Colt, at any time before Saturday [illegible] March, 1832.

Subscriptions will be [illegible] by the Secretary for a Sweep Stake Race [illegible] heats, to be run for on the 18th May [illegible] all ages, raised in the State, and [illegible] a Jockey Club Purse—weights [illegible] four or more to constitute a race [illegible] dollars, half forfeit. One gentle[illegible] as name with the Secretary, and [illegible] when enough shall do so, to make [illegible] scription to this race will also [illegible] the 17th of March.

Tattersall's, 146 *Broadway.*

THE public are respectfully informed that this popular resort cannot add continues in "the full tide of successful experiment." Horses of all descriptions may be purchased *at Private Sale* from the Bazaar—and public Sales at auction on each Monday afternoon at half past 3 o'clock. Carriages *new* and second hand in endless variety can be seen and bought from the Coach [illegible]—Horses kept at Livery in the best possible manner, faithful grooms, pure water, and good feed.

The RIDING ACADEMY under the immediate superintendance of Mr. *Blyth* is open for the winter season, and made comfortable by stoves. Ladies have the opportunity of selecting the hours most convenient to themselves.

BLYTH & WATSON,
Tattersall's, 156 Broadway.

R. N. WHITE,

Engraver on Wood,

111 NASSAU-STREET,

NEW-YORK.

THE SERAPHINE,

A NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT, INVENTED BY

CHARLES G. CHRISTMAN,

No. 398 *Pearl-Street.*

AFTER a long time of uninterrupted perseverance, this extraordinary instrument is introduced to the public in its present very gratifying perfection. The Seraphine will be understood to be a keyed instrument, or an Organ in miniature, peculiarly adapted for domestic use; but it is not necessarily confined to domestic purposes; it is sufficiently powerful for small churches. It is impossible to conceive so small an instrument capable of producing such an immense volume of harmony; at the same time it is capable of the utmost possible delicacy of diminuendo and crescendo, from the soft sighing of the Æolian harp to the grandeur and majesty of the full choir, in a degree of excellence never yet claimed by any other instrument. Such an instrument, independently of its novelty, cannot fail to be valuable to any performer on the pianoforte or organ.

N. B. At Mr. Christman's Music store may be procured, eight keyed Flutes, Accordians, Pocket and Kent bugles, for which he has been honored with the first premium of the American Institute, also Guitars, Violins, Military and other Instruments; Music, which he has just published for the Guitar; the beautifull song Green Hills of Tyral, as sung by Mrs. Austin in the Opera of Cinderella, with three new Waltzes composed by O. Torpe, and to be continued in numbers.

Strings, and every article appertaining to the Music business.

BOOTS, SHOES, & CAPS.

500 PACKAGES of fresh Boots and Shoes, just received from the Manufacturers, comprising a large assortment of prime goods, well adapted to the present season.

2000 pair Men's prime thick Brogans and Shoes.
1000 do do second quality do do
5000 do do thick pegged and sewed Boots.
5000 do do kip Brogans and Shoes.
1000 do do fine sewed Brogans and Shoes.
2000 do Gentlemen's calf do do
2000 do Boys' thick do do
1000 do do fine sewed do
3000 do Women's prime lace leather walking Shoes.
2000 do do sewed and pegged leather Boots.
1000 do do Morocco walking Shoes & Boots.
1000 do do Lasting do do
500 do do half heeled Roans.
1000 do Gentlemen's Russett morning Slippers.
2000 do do Buckskin do do
3000 do do lined and bound grained Brogans and Shoes.
2000 do Misses lasting and morocco Shoes.
5000 do Children's leather, do do

Also, an invoice of 30 cases, comprising a general assortment of Men's and Boys' seal cloth and morocco Caps, &c. for sale by

GEO. W. HOLLAND,
129, Water Street.

American Feathered Game.

THE Subscriber proposes to publish by subscription, the following American Feathered Game, viz:—the Grouse, Pheasant, (or Partridge,) Ptarmigee, (or Quail,) male or female, Woodcocks and Snipes.

These drawings will be made from the birds themselves of the size of life, and colored with the greatest accuracy. They will be drawn on plates 12 1-2 by 16 1-2 inches, and characteristic scenery introduced, so as to form a beautiful picture.

It appears to the publisher, that a paper of this kind is wanting in a country abounding so plentifully with this species of game; and, as no attempt has ever been made to picture our game birds in the proposed style, he hopes at least sufficient encouragement will be given to authorise the publication, even should no profit accrue to the publisher.

As the publisher has always felt an interest and pride in these birds, no pains will be spared to make the drawings perfect representations of the originals, and creditable to himself and his country; and as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, the drawings will be commenced, and the plates issued as they are published, to subscribers, and in separate pasteboard scrolls with covers, to prevent injury.

These five plates will constitute those birds which are the chief objects of the pursuit in the sportsman; but, as it seems desirable to introduce a *water* bird among so many land birds, the *canvass back Duck* may be added to the list, if those who subscribe to the former will authorise it.

Those who may wish to subscribe, will please send their names and addresses to the subscriber at as early a period as possible, stating whether they will take the five or six plates. Persons residing in distant towns will do well to join with some of their neighbors, as several subscriptions in one place will make it an object to form an agency there, to whom the plates may be sent, and payment made for the same.

In order to place the thing on a favorable footing and remove all difficulties from the minds of those who intend to subscribe, the publisher states, that they are at liberty to withdraw their subscriptions for the remainder of the plates, after the delivery of the first drawing, shouldit not equal their expectations or prove satisfactory; but failure to notify the publisher within one month after the receipto the same, will be deemed by him an assent on their part, to take the whole originally subscribed for.

Terms $1 25 each plate, beautifully colored and in pasteboard cases, to be paid for on delivery.

All communications must be *post paid*, and addressed to the subscriber, No. 5 Library street, Philadelphia. JNO. DOUGHTY.

Subscriptions received by WM. STODART, No. 6 Cortlandt-street, New-York.

TEMPLE OF HYGEIA, 495 *Pearl-street, Between Chatham-st. and Broadway.*—Dr. ANDREW.—Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, Student of the University of Edinburgh, and some years a Medical Officer in different Marine Hospitals, &c. &c.—Where he has had ample opportunity of witnessing the practice of the most experienced of the faculty, together with his own observations during the last twenty years, the greater portion of which has been spent in this quarter of the globe, continues to give his advice for diseases of a *Delicate Nature*, *Ulcers*, &c. He does not deem it necessary to offend the feelings of modesty by recapitulating (as is too generally the case in public advertisements,) the various forms of this baneful malady—the meaning of which is too well understood by all conversant to need further explanation. Dr. *Andrew* warns the public against the *Abuse of Mercurials*; he is convinced by long experience most of the Chronic affections, generally supposed to be the relics of this disease, are merely the effects of a long continued course of *Mercury*.—Thousands have been restored to health, after years of suffering through the misapplication of that *Poisonous Drug*, by conforming to the *plan of Treatment* of Dr. A.—which plan has been founded on the instruction received from the Immortal Abernethy, in London. Recent affections cured in a very short time without a grain of *Mercury*. All cases undertaken will be guaranteed to be effectuals and principles strictly honored, *provided* patients conform to the *Rules of the Office*.

☞ Medicine will be sent to any part of the country by persons writing, describing the disease, and enclosing a reasonable fee.

Hygeian Advertisers of every denomination, to be had at the Temple Office.

☞ *Letters must be post paid.* all4

LIFE IN NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK.

Saturday Morning, April 21, 1832.

☞ Subscriptions, Communications, &c. for this paper, received by Messrs. Peabody & Co. No. 233 Broadway, adjoining the American Hotel.

CORPORATION DINNER!

With all due gravity, reverence and respect, we come before the goodly citizens of this great and wonderful metropolis, to solicit in behalf of the worthy fathers of the city, a public dinner, at their expense. We make our appeal not only to the body corporate, but to the *stomachs* of our readers, for the justice of this claim; for what city in the world can compare with ours for the judgment, temperance, good living, or uselessness of its Corporation, and what one in this hemisphere can compete with ours in *Mud, Hogs*, or even a *City Clock?*

Mud is supposed, and generally believed to be a mixture of water and earth. Any gentleman doubting this can examine his pantaloons from the knees downwards; if he has "trod the *pave*" within a week, he will find a sufficient quantity of the article, to enable him to make an accurate experiment of what ingredients the said conglomerated mass is composed. The ladies, bless the dear creatures, have not been out for the week, in consequence, as the woful visages of the bipeds, 'ycleept dandies, bear ample testimony; and the "watered silks" of the belle as well as the colored paraphernalia of the beaux, give token of the falling away in price of this article of trade, owing to the present overflooded state of the market. Verily could a tax be levied of a penny per load, on what is now lying in our streets, it would be sufficient to pay not only the expenses of the city government, but enable the writer of this, with the residue, to treat his friends to a supper at *Delmonicos'*; "a consummation most devoutly to be wished."

Hogs, in every variety, from the "entire swine," to the "shoat," from the "long-tail'd sow to the short-tail'd pig," can at any time, and without expence or comfort, be seen perambulating our streets, regardless entirely of the condition of the walking, and have even been known frequently to dispute the benefit of the sidewalks with a *rather* different class of animals. This privileged race, not content with making the streets their promenading ground, to the manifest danger of soiling silks, satins, &c. to say nothing of tripping up the heels of passengers, have lately, as if by preconcert, entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, to cultivate the grounds of the Park, with their noses, and to root, range and riot therein, as seemeth them good. This is called the "freedom of the city." The ordinance prohibiting their street-walking has been therefore rendered inoperative and useless, save in the upper section of the city, where the carts and captors are at work, creating much querimonious music; and the swinish multitude, with bristling boldness, strut as consequentially about the "centre of attraction," as if they had a prescriptive right, like the biped race, to do just as they please. In this fierce struggle for supremacy between the pigs and the public, the former have not shewed their teeth in vain: and the latter, armed as they are by municipal edicts, must yield the sovereignty of the city to the swine, unless the whole park of legal artillery can be brought to bear against them.

We cannot but reflect what must be the feelings of those poor fellows, in "durance vile," who from their receptacle of woe gaze through the grated windows of their prison house, upon the scenes of liberty and joy around, and see animals of a meaner race ranging at large, in defiance of the law and its penalties, while they are cooped up within *stone pens*. A fine comment on the law truly, when the men are locked up and the pigs let loose—the swine at liberty and their owners in prison! This is what we call "going the whole hog."

Our City Clock* is not by any means to be looked up to by any citizen without finding the time in keeping with his own. To effect this the Corporation have got up one which will immortalize them, and perpetuate their fame to the remotest generations; though it has unwittingly been the course of great laughter and fun to some, and of curses both loud and deep to others.

A merchant in Broadway has to pay a note at 3 o'clock; he happens to cast his eye up to the "city regulator," and to his infinite horror finds it 4 o'clock, while his own chronometer assures him it is but three. He imagines it useless to wend his way to Wall street. The bank is closed—his note is protested, and although a monied man, barely escapes ruin, from the claims of his creditors pouring in all at once, without any preparation to meet them.

Another being engaged to dine at 4, with a friend, and having unfortunately left his watch at home, is dependent on the Corporation clock. At the appointed hour he reaches the mansion of his friend, just in time to learn that he has dined, and had set off in his Stanhope for Caty's.

A young gentleman who figured very prominently in the balls last winter at Charcaud's, and betrothed to a fashionable belle, was engaged to call with her on some family friends, as a sort of preparatory introduction to a nearer relationship. The time was set, at 3 he was to join her. His patent lever the day before he had left with Gelston; passing through Chamber-street he observed by the City clock, that it was near 4 o'clock; what was to be done; he should be late at best, but thinking of the old adage, "better late than never," he hurried on to all his might, and reaching the residence of his "ladye love," began to apologise in the most abject confusion for his tardiness. Imagine his surprise on learning that it was but a few minutes past 2: he thought he could not be mistaken—he certainly was not at the champaigne supper the night before, and how the deuce could he have made so ridiculous a mistake! He again begged pardon, and left, determined not again to be in such a hurry. Some time after, walking up Broadway in front of the Park, he observed it was nearly 3, but recollecting his morning's mishap, he was not so anxious to meet his intended too early, *and* so strolling leisurely on towards the "place of meeting," at last reached the "haven of his hopes." A pretty business he had made of it with the aid of the Corporation: it was about 5 o'clock, and his mistress imagining that his reason for calling so early and then neglecting her at the time appointed, was only owing to his want of the "tender passion," or the effects of dissipation, had concluded with the advice of her friends to indite a *certain note, &c.* for his especial benefit and behoof, and with it was handed also a certain casket of *bijouterie*, which contributed very sensibly to produce that "elongation of countenance," for which he has since been so much remarked. Thus was a splendid match broken off on account of the fathers of the city having made such efforts to *please all*.

A "knowing one" who prides himself on his repeater, and had compared it with the clock (on the east side) and found it right was *taken in* by a friend who was "up to the thing," in a way we shall take the liberty to relate, as a beacon to all others interested:—

A met B at Palmo's, and after drinking their coffee, B asked A what's o'clock? "12 and 5 minutes," was the answer; says B, "I'll bet you an oyster supper it's 2". "Done," says A, "we'll have it to night; and I'll prove to you by the 'City Hall Clock' that I've got the *true time*." B, who we said before, was up to a thing or so, took A round to the *south* side, when lo! on comparing the two "time-keepers," they were found to vary about two hours. A, it is unnecessary to state, was dumb with astonishment, and the same evening was obliged to "*tip the kimikies*."

Thus "all these dire miseries having seen and shared," does it not behoove us as good citizens to "be up and doing." If the Corporation will not listen to our wishes or complaints, what course is more likely to induce them to do than to get up a *Grand Corporation Dinner?* When they have tasted our turtle, our venison, our champaigne, our liqueurs, and all that sort-o'-thing, *then* they can refuse us nothing: and we should have the pleasure to see once more clean streets, without pigs, and a city-clock, lit up in the evening, that kept the same time all around: a meeting should then be held in front of the Park, and every street inspector and commissioner, hog reeve and dog killer should receive at the hands of the people a *Leather Medal*, in return for the benefits resulting from the *Corporation Dinner*.

*Our Corporation have raised the salary of the person, who has charge of the clock on the City Hall, and in *consequence*, there has been for some days, a difference of *three hours* between the hands on the south face and the others. Suppose they raise the salary a peg higher—the same difference will probably then exist between the north and east dials—thus we would have a fair division instead of three to one as the case now stands.—*Courier*.

Sporting News, &c.—Our sheet will be found this week to contain a greater variety of matter, interesting to general readers and more particularly to lovers of Field and others sports, than has ever been the case. Since our last we have received Skinner's *American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine*, and Doughty's *Cabinet of Natural History, and American Rural Sports*, with a variety of other periodicals, from which we have made very copious extracts, in order to lay before our friends at the earliest hour, the many choice articles they contain; to do this we have been obliged to omit several communications and Editorials, and matters which shall be attended to in our next.

Fashion at Washington.—The number of visiters that still continue to flock to Washington is incredible. People of business and people of fashion are equally numerous in our public places—private soirees—the capitol and the halls of debate. Last evening there were a couple of large private parties, and more I believe are on the carpet. New beauties from all points of the compass, continue to flit across our horizon. The Spring at Washington is fast becoming as fashionable a place of resort as Saratoga or Ballston is in the summer and fall."

We regret to learn that all our subscribers were not served last week. The carriers left the office at 5 A. M. on Saturday morning with a sufficient number of papers, and had we known that any were missed, we should have immediately sent round another. Our patrons who may hereafter fail to receive the paper, will oblige us by leaving a note at the Post Office, which will be promptly attended to. If any expense can remedy the evil, they shall not again have cause for complaint.

We find the following in a late Ohio paper: The two-legged puppy who had the impudence to persevere in escorting a young lady home from singing school, the other evening, after she had politely informed him that she was provided with company, may rest assured that should he repeat the like offence, he shall be compelled to breakfast the next morning on the tail of one of Simon Snyder's toughest cowskins.

"Constables twist his hair,
Mortal pestals pound him,
Cartwheels smash his bones,
And leave him where they found him."

SIMON OXFORD.

☞ It is with great pleasure that we announce to our readers the arrival from London of Mrs Hamblin. This talented lady will be a valuable acquisition to Mr. Hamblin's already unrivalled Company. She is announced to appear in a few days in the character of *Sadriff*, in C. W. Taylor's popular Drama of *The Water Witch*.

To Correspondents.—We have the pleasure to acknowledge communications from our Sporting friends at Prairie du Chicas, Cantonment Leavenworth, Missouri, from Pensylvania, Vermont Creek nation, Georgia, and Ohio, for which they will please accept our thanks. We have also to acknowledge several from our city friends.—"A." who curses the Park, and lauds Mr. Forrest, we have no room for; we had a hearty laugh over his *Comus*, and thus much are obliged. "G." shall have a place next week; as well as "L." "I." "I." and "Andrew Single."

Am. Turf Register.—We beg leave to recommend to our Sporting friends the periodical bearing this name, and can assure them that it even excels in interest any foreign publication of the class we receive. The number for April is most excellent, and well calculated to sustain the high character of the work, for all that is interesting in matters relating to the Turf, Field Sports, &c. &c. It is published monthly by J. S. Skinner, Esq. Baltimore, at $5 per annum in advance.

Launch.—This morning will be launched, (if fair weather,) at about half past 11 o'clock, from the yard of Messrs. C. Bergh & Co. the ship *Orpheus*. This vessel is 560 tons register, her model is upon the most approved modern style for swiftness and capacity, and in every respect she is unsurpassed by any ship ever launched. The Orpheus is built for, and will be commanded by Capt. N. Cobb, and is intended for a Liverpool packet.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

Original and Selected.

SALMON TROUT.

Salmon Trout have been sold in the Boston market the past week, two of which weighed 22 lbs. The editor of the Transcript, who gives this account, says, "such a pair was never before seen in the Boston market; the largest (weighing 13 lbs) is said to have been without parallel!" To this we beg leave to demur. We saw a larger one *there*, or at least in that city, in 1826; he was caught in the Merrimac river, near Haverhill,—was put on board the stage, in which was the writer of this paragraph, and sent to Boston. He was indeed a most beautiful and rare one, weighing nearly 18 lbs. and was caught, queer enough, in a seine. "The salmon trout of Winnipisseoga lake weigh only from 2 1-2 to 6 lbs." says the Transcript. Wonder if he "ever cast his line" in that lake, for if not, then we can assure him, that he has yet to see "*all* the fun this world affords," for it is indeed most excellent fishing. You do not have many *bites*, but when you *do*, it's no boy's play—a desperate lunge, which will nearly wrench your rod from your grasp, and you may draw up a "screamer," weighing 3 or 4 lbs. Gen. P. late of Hanover, N. H. we recollect, remained nearly two days there, and caught besides several clever ones, two that weighed 9 lbs. The two before treated of, are said to have been taken in Sebago pond, near Portland, Me. We have a friend there, who has promised to send us the result of a Trouting excursion of several days he is about taking. No state in the Union affords better fishing than Maine, and if John Neal, gent. of "Yankee" memory, will recollect us, we will forward him a rod, (not a pickl'd one) and some "flies, frogs and hooks" that shall set his eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling." What would not honest old Izaak Walton, or the more contemplative Sir Humphrey Davy have given for an afternoon's sport in Massibesic, Sebago, St. George, or Winnipiseoga lakes. Aye, for even an hour? How much would they have enjoyed the unbroken silence, the calm, deep solitude of the clear and shaded water, stocked with innumerable varieties of the "finny tribe," so easily hooked, and of so delicious a flavor. We look forward with pleasure to the day when we may again fill our basket, from the lakes and brooks of N. England, and while we cherish the fond hope, will end this prosing article with the following pretty lines, given to us by a friend; whence he abstracted them, we neither know nor care—they are evidently from some poet of the "Lake School," though inscribed

TO A RIVULET.

Merry brook!
Upon thy margin green, how dear the joy!
When I did loiter here—a truant boy,
With line and hook!

Thou singest still,
That same light-hearted song thou then didst sing
When life to me had not a jarring string
Nor painful ill!

Thy silent strand,
Seemed then profusely paved with yellow gold!
That gold is now but poor and worthless mould,—
But shifting sand.

I wonder then
Why human life was ever like the sea,
Vexed by the frantic noise eternally,
Of angry men!

It seemed to me—
'Twere better if the course of human life
Moved like thy current without noise or strife,
On to the sea!

Babbling stream,
Full many a pleasant thought of early days
Is wedded unto thy bewildering maze,
And sweetest dream.

Favorite brook,
I hope even now to pace thy grassy brink,
Upon the innocent spaces of youth to think,
And on thee look.

CENTREVILLE TROTTING COURSE.

☞ The *Spring Races* over the Centreville Trotting Course, will commence on Tuesday the 8th of May, and continue two days

First day—At 1 o'clock, three mile heats, under the saddle, carrying 115 lbs. Purse $200
At 3 o'clock, a match race for 500
Second day—At 1 o'clock, three mile heats, in harness, carrying 145 lbs. Purse 200
At 3 o'clock, two mile heats under the saddle, free for trotters, pacers, and amblers, carrying 145 lbs. Purse 200
The riders to be dressed in Jockey Style.

By order of the President.

In the course of a dispute which is going on between two rival sporting Magazines, into the merits of which, on either side, we do not profess to enter, it is stated that a single contributor to one of them drew, in six years, no less a sum than £9,000. If such were really the case, the gentlemen in question cannot be said to have had "bad sport."

The Spring and its Amusements.

As the vernal season approaches, is hailed by singing birds and scattering flowers on the way, we hear the notes of preparation for enjoying its congenial sports and pastimes. The sober angler, with an air of sedateness that belongs to his patient pursuit, has been seen quietly overlooking and repairing his rods, his lines, his hook and his flies. *One* in particular, who always takes time by the forelock is having a boat built by Cunnius, on Fell's Point, in his best style—to be called the *Shooting Star*. 'Tis said she will be a perfect *ne plus ultra* in her way—the like where of has not been seen in modern times! Some speculative citizens have imagined that this airy craft, so swift and beautiful, with her feather like sail, so white and velvet cushions, is destined for something else besides *fishing*. They have fancied her gliding about the bay of Rock-hall, fanned by the balmy zephyrs of a summer's eve, buoyant and proud of her charge as was Bucephalus when he bore Alexander the Great. Her fortunate owner, blessed by the smiles of some fair lady, more beautiful and enchanting than Cleopatra herself,—

"Charmed o'er the ear pursuing Cupids sweep,
Their snow white pinions buoying in the deep:
And, as to taste of her ever charms,
Soft sighs the gale, and mermaids ocean harms."

This doubtless fancy sketch her pictorial conceits from the glorious beauties as the gems of the sculptor hews the animated and love inspiring Venus from the rudest block.

A regular fishing club is understood to be in contemplation—to rival the late gaiety at Rock-hall, and there to celebrate its formation by an annual "fish-out."

The gay and aloof equestrians, too, are planning their regular rides to the Centreville Course on Saturdays, to discuss in the shade of the locust and elm, over Seidem's cool Sherry, the affairs of the Jockey Club. The sags in training in the afternoon, will serve to mingle those who do not give preference to a game of sports.

Such as have not already provided themselves are looking out for the "*speed and bottom*" and the cheerful rivalry will be. Who's the best whip? and, Who can best ride the best horse, with all his furniture most exactly *comme il faut?*

Duck Shooting in Tennessee is an object of much amusement. They are found in ponds—"a sportsman of Nashville, from the 2d to the 13 of January, killed 75 ducks at 25 shots."—With us it is hardly accounted sport, to shoot any sitting or stationary on the water, but there can be no finer amusement than duck shooting as they pass, *on the wing*, the long lines that project into our rivers and bays, especially canvass-backs. A small party has killed two and three hundred in a day.

New Race Courses.—The last of which we have notice was recently established, or revived, at Savannah, Georgia, under circumstances highly propitious and promising. They have adopted with slight alterations, the rules of the Metropolitan Jockey Club, and have elected the following officers:

George W. Owens, (who declined serving) *President*.—J. P. Henry, *First Vice President*. M. Myers, *Second Vice-President*.—Richard D. Arnold, *Secretary*.—Jona. Olmstead, *Treasurer*. George T. Wilson, John Millen, C. Spalding, Phil. Minis and J. Ker, *Stewards*.—Henry M. Alpin, W. P. Wilson and J. Minis, *Timers*.

We have the promise of being favored with a regular official account of their races, and we hope the first step of this highly respectable club will be to have their course established, according to the recommendation of the Maryland Jockey Club, as heretofore published.

Mr. Samuel Strider, "equidistant from Charles, town, Harper's Ferry and Shepherdstown, "has advertised to open a training stable on the 10th ult. and proposes to establish a jockey club. We should like to see the gentleman of that vicinity, generally, take it in hand, being persuaded that every circumstance exists there that could be desired to insure success, after a few years perseverance. But whatever may be the zeal and tact of an individual, the club should should be gotten up by, and kept in the hands of *gentlemen* of liberal spirit and character.

Sweepstake Races.—A sweepstake race for $100 entrance, h. f. for three year old colts and fillies, will be run for over Samuel Strider's course on the third Tuesday in May next. Entries can be made with Daniel Entler, of Shepherdstown, or with Samuel Strider.

Mr. Editor: *Wheeling Va. Dec 9. 1832*

We have it in contemplation to raise a club—second only to yours in Baltimore; and should you hold out sufficient inducement next fall, you may expect some of our nags, as our races have been done in as good time as yours.

Sport. Mag. E. Z.

Equestrianism.—The following will rank high among the equestrian performances of the day:—a gentleman undertook to ride from Huntingdon to Birmingham (Eng.) and back in twelve hours, on seven horses, not prepared, but such as could be procured by him on the road, at what distance suited; to receive no assistance in mounting or dismounting, and to be clad in what dress he pleased; to pay his expenses on the road as in ordinary journeys. The match came off on Wednesday, the 11th Dec. 1831, and was done in ten hours and a quarter, distance 174 miles.—One horse (his own) had gone a distance of fifteen miles a few hours previous; and half an hour, or nearly so, was lost at Coventry, in procuring a suitable horse—*Eng. Sport. Mag.*

Table Matches.—These are matches where the guns are laid on the table, and not touched until the string is pulled and the pigeon on the wing. At a table not a hundred feet from the Middlesex, and five of the Ashton club, at nine birds, each—

	Killed		Killed
Messrs. Bullock	5	Messrs. Osborn	6
" M'reddie	7	" Jennings	7
" Marsden	7	" Owen	7
" Mason	6	" Jones	7
	7	" Morton	7
	35		34

Ornithological Match.—In a parish near Edinburgh, the whole neighborhood has been put in a *flutter*. Miss Henrietta Peacock, espoused to Mr. *Robin Sparrow*, the bridegroom being Mr. Philip *Hawke*, and the bridesmaid Miss *Larklins*. The marriage lines were extracted by J. Crow, session clerk!

Fish.—Lake Erie has disclosed during the past winter and spring, a new source of amusement and profit to the disciples of Isaac Walton. A fish, hitherto unknown or nearly so among us, has been taken this season in quantities truly astonishing, near the mouth of our harbor. They are of one kind only, and vary from seven or eight to about thirty pounds in weight. They have been caught as set lines, through the ice. These have been called trout, but with what authority we know not. They are of a darker colour than the shad: have scales, exceedingly small, and are marked on either side of the body, their whole length, with a spot resembling a scar. The stranger, whatever his cognomen, is of delicious flavor, as most of our population can testify. By data furnished us by the fish-mongers, we find they have taken no less than 17,517 lbs. of the new comers the past winter.—*Buffalo Journal*.

Anecdote of the late King.—One day when the late King was hunting with his royal Father near Windsor, he perceived a very great dandy amongst the field, and inquired who he was? He was informed that he was in the habit of attending the hunt in the very first style, and had been taken by the country people for some Lord, but that in fact he was no other than a very rich tanner. "Well," said the then Prince of Wales, "let him pass off for a Lord if he likes: we will call him Lord Hide—the title sounds very well indeed."—George the Third heard of this, and laughed heartily at it, and the tanner got this nick name ever after.—*English Sporting Magazine*.

Mr. Charlemagne.—This celebrated English Sportsman has given a third challenge, and it is stated that a match has been made, to come off on the 1st March, between him and Mr. Payne, the former to trot one of his American horses in harness against a horse of Mr. Payne's, and to stake 1,000 sovs to 500—the distance five miles. Mr. C. is the favorite.

We learn that the Stamford Races, are fixed for the New-market July meeting. The Stewards are, the Marquis of Exeter and Henry Dixon, Esq. Nearly all the stakes close on the 1st March, and, from the respectable entry, much good sport is anticipated.

A fight took place in the early part of the week, between Thomas Cox and Robert Burton, in the neighborhood of Orford, which was won by the former, in fifteen rounds.

Woodhouse, who fought Dan Mahony, is prepared to make a match with John Clay, for £10 a-side. His money will be ready at the Spotted Dog, Clement's lane, on Thursday evening, when he will set to with any man of his weight.

Time Enough at Last.—On Tuesday last a match came off near Birmingham, on the London road, of one mile. A black pony owned by Mr. Lutbow, was backed for a considerable amount to trot it in four minutes. The usual preliminaries having been entered into, umpires, referees, and more than a dozen time keepers appointed, all of whom were going to accompany the pony in the race. At exactly half past three the word was given, and off he went in a body, some of the grays in a trot, and some cantering for it. After a desperate struggle, they accomplished the mile, the pony leading the way; when, strange to tell, all the watches had stopped exactly at the same place they were set going, and the time of course could not be given.

Marriage of Dead Horse.—This clever "lad o' the Loch" is said to have "made it right" with a certain buxom landlady, and threatens to take her to the Pitman in earnest.

The fourth deposit for the match between Adams and Smith (the Lord Lonsdale) has been made at the Castle Tavern, Holborn, and all must have gone into active training.

The third deposit between Anthony Nixon and Owen Swift has been posted at John Barnes' new house Crown-court, Pulteney-street. The fourth is to be made at Tom Cannon's, after a sporting Dinner.

Any Port in a Storm.—A fox crossed on the ice to Jingary Isle, from Specutia Island or Turkey Point, followed by two hounds, one of which continued the pursuit for an hour, and was close upon the brush of poor reynard, when he espied a young lad approaching on foot, to whom he voluntarily surrendered himself and found protection from his canine pursuer, possessing so many properties in common with himself, yet inferior by nature with a propensity, and faculties peculiarly adapted to destroy all his family!

The Maryland Jockey Club consists already of two hundred thirty seven members. So much for good regulations and caution as to character on the score of admission. Before the end of the year the number will probably be increased to three hundred.

Anecdote.—A young Irishman (placed by his friends as a student at the Veterinary College,) being in company with some of his colleagues, was asked, "If a broken-winded horse were brought to him for cure, what would he advise?"—After considering a moment, "By the powers," said he, "I should advise the owner to sell him as soon as possible."

Pedestrianism.—Mr. John Woodget, aged 22, of Buntou, recently undertook for a wager, to run eighteen miles within three hours on the Holt and Dereham road. He ran the first mile in seven minutes; the first nine miles in an hour and ten minutes; and accomplished his whole task with ease, considerably within the given time—*Eng. Sport. Mag.*

Rowton—the winner of the St. Leger, in 1829, in England, has been bought by Mr. Chifney for 1000 pounds.

"The Last of the Mohicans."—On the 9th inst. Mr. Timothy Sheldon discovered a large otter about two miles from this city—to which he gave chace, and after a warm pursuit of nearly a mile, overtook, and despatched him. He weighed 25lbs. and his skin was valued at $9. It is the first animal of the kind which has been seen in this vicinity for 40 years. He probably took advantage of the spring flood—to make a visit to the "land of Steady Habits."—*Hartford Review.*

MISCELLANEA.

Colman told an apothecary lately who brought him in a heavy charge for *medicine and visits*, that he could *return his visits*, and *dispense* with his *medicines*.

Symptoms of Cholera Morbus.

"I dont think," says Bill, "them 'ere chaps with their sprees,
Wot attacked us just now had a notion to rob us."
"No," says Tom, "but I think they have catch'd the disease
Which seem'd strongly inclining to "collar" and "mob us."

A sailor passing by a shop in Dublin, where they made small dolls, observed on the sign 'Little children made here,' immediately stepp'd in and asked if they wanted a *Journeyman*.

Extraordinary Birth.—The following extraordinary birth appears in a late number of the London Times. "On the 29th ult. the lady of P. C. Toker, Esq. of a daughter; on the 30th ult. the lady of Charles Berkley, Esq. of *Montague place, Russell square*."

A gentleman seeing a lady holding an act of parliament before her face to keep the fire off, said she was like an insolvent debtor, *she was taking the benefit of the act*.

Cheap Publication.—An Irishman seeing a work advertised, entitled 'Endless Amusements,' remarked, that it would be a cheap work to whoever could live *long enough* to read it.

'Hold your tongue *for a fool*,' said an amiable lady to her lord one evening, in a little family party. 'I am silent,' he replied, 'as *your ladyship* is about to speak.'

Kenny the Dramatist.—Mr. K. was travelling in Ireland, when the roads had been tended by the 'finest *peasantry* in the world,' and *of course*, were nearly impassable. Suddenly Kenny, who writes better than he rides, was thrown off. 'Holloa!' said his friend, 'that is not the way to *Cork*.' 'No,' said K. 'but 'tis the way to *Kill Kenny*.'

A Coincidence!—A Printer's Devil, belonging to one of the daily prints, being ordered to leave a paper with ——— in order, that he might see the piece which he wrote for it, carried it up to *the garret*, very naturally concluding that that was the residence of *the author*.

The Street Commissioner has commenced sweeping the streets. The carts are very dusty, and the men wash their throats frequently.

The Post has discovered an infallible remedy to disperse a mob. It consists merely in carrying round a *contribution box*.

According to the New York American it was not Johnson, but the cyder Demon who said that "a man who would make a pun would pick a pocket."

The following is the manner in which a child told her father that his favorite dog's tail was cut off: "*Pa, poor Pompey wants to wag his tail and can't.*—*Transcript.*

On the 8th inst. the editor of the New Hampshire Spectator bid farewell to *cards*, till next June, there being 6 inches of snow on the ground.

An Ourang Outang is a highly important personage in Walter Scott's late novel of "Count Robert of Paris."

It is said the Grasshoppers are "alive and kicking," in Hallowell.

The Connecticut Herald is printed on pink paper.

The weather has been very cold for a week past.

A box of tin was lost yesterday from a waggon. It is supposed that somebody found it, as the driver says nobody could have stolen it without his knowing it.

There was a fetid odor in the vicinity of City Hall last evening. Some foolish boy probably turned the cock of a gas pipe.

A boy was seen driving an iron hoop in New York last week. Boston boys generally drive wooden hoops.

The editor of the Gallatin (Tenn.) Journal, offers to sell one half of his establishment for $500. Dirt cheap.

The public are cautioned against acidulated drops. There is no telling what they are made of.

The Kennebec is still closed with ice, and there is no prospect of its being open for a week to come.

"In Liston's performances," says a weekly critic, we observe no trace of mind; his strength lies in his physical (should not this be *physical?*) capabilities."

Awful Warning to Egg Eaters.—A young man named Drummond, of Kingston, C. U. was choked to death, recently, by a piece of beef sticking in his throat, while eating his dinner.

The authorities of Philadelphia have commenced to put the extremity of the law against dogs, into operation.

The following *Card* is copied from the Baltimore Patriot:

"A Card.—The *gentleman* who put himself to so much trouble last evening at the Museum as to cut off one of the skirts of my coat, is hereby informed, that by returning the *Tobacco* (which he took to be a pocket book,) and my handkerchief, he can have the remaining part of the coat by applying to S. W. M. through the Patriot or Post office.

Kean, the actor, after a career of success as an actor, unexampled since the days of Garrick, and after having gained by his profession, and spent it, upwards of £60,000, is at length become a saving man. He states his future project to be the accumulation of so much wealth as will enable him to pass the evening of his life in tranquility at his cottage in the Isle of Jarsey.—*Morning Chronicle.*

An Ante-Malthusian.—The following is an extract of an advertisement which lately appeared in the Morning Herald:—"A young woman neat and tidy in her person, is desirous of a situation, as maid or needle woman to a lady. She has *no objection to a child*.

A new work, with the singular title of *Bah!* will appear shortly, it is by a provincial young *literateur* of great promise.

The marshal of the city of Boston has issued a caution to "cigar smokers," that he will fine them two dollars for every offence against the law, by smoking a cigar in the street.

THE DRAMA.

NEW-YORK THEATRICALS.

To the theatrical world, the past week has been full of interest; we have had on our boards the greatest attraction,—the most brilliant constellation of stars, &c that has come under our observation this season. Messrs. Blanchard, Hamblin and Butler, with Misses Vincent and Clifton at the American, Mrs. and Miss Duff at the Richmond Hill, and Messrs Forrest and Maywood at the Park, have we believe drawn full houses every night; indeed it has been remarked by a number well acquainted with these things, that the profits have been greater this week at the united establishments, than has been the case for a number of years.

It was remarked a few weeks since, by several of the daily prints, that the present had been a "disastrous season" with the managers; this was true—and the publication of it has had a good effect. The managers to save themselves have been untiring in their exertions to find a remedy, in new pieces, actors, &c. and to this are the public indebted for the present galaxy of talent engaged, while they of course are reaping the benefit of those hints. They were not unconscious that there "is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at the flood leads on to fortune," and acting on this principle, when they found themselves supported by an intelligent community, they were disposed to be more liberal in their offers, and thus while we have enjoyed chaste and finished acting, they to our great joy have been filling their pockets; they may assure themselves that *nothing* is lost by *keeping even* with the public. Give us good acting and we will give you full houses.

AMERICAN.

Last Saturday, Mr. Butler appeared in Shakspeare's comedy of Merchant of Venice, as Shylock, which he performed with considerable credit. It was rather unfortunate for Mr. B. who ranks among our first second rates, that he should attempt a part which Booth has played at this house so frequently. Had he "exceeded himself," he could not have borne a comparison; but "comparisons are odious," and we will remark *en passant*, that his personation was on the whole, very much to the satisfaction of his auditors.

Mr. Blanchard as Launcelo', was of course at home; his style of acting, so new, and so entirely at varaince with our established usages, was faultless, and nothing could be in better keeping; we hope and trust our younger members of the corps will take example, as they may not again see his equal—we never did. His engagement will greatly contribute to the improvement of the taste of our theatre going public, and we hope to see his successors improved by his manner at once so happy and so dignified.

Mother Goose, has been brought out in a style above praise. Those who might not have been pleased with it on its representation last season, would now be delighted, at least we confess ourselves *goslins* enough to think so; almost half the scenes are entirely new, with new dresses, music, and last not least a new *goose*, (or the covering or skin of one) has been sent out from England, which Master Mestayer fills to the life; he is the most promising goslin on the boards.

Mr. Gay, as well as his pretty *corps spas* are fine dancers, and perform their parts to admiration; he has however been uniformly unfortunate in the "rum and wheelbarrow" scene—we would recommend him to put a little "tar on the wheel," for the effect, which otherwise would be fine is destroyed. Mr. Hathaway's Mother Goose is very respectable; Mr. Buckley's Clown is the best thing we have seen altogether; he kept the audience in a roar,—the mortar scene is inimitable; his "stuck pig," squealed his part to the great delight of those in the pit. Miss Johnson as Colinette, (afterwards Columbine) did herself honor; she is acknowledged on all hands to be as beautiful a *dancer* as she is graceful in manner. The Pantomime has in truth got success and does credit to Mr. Gay, who arranged the parts, &c. and also to the manager, for his liberality in getting it up so cleverly.

Romeo and Juliet was performed on Monday and repeated on Wednesday evening to crowded and fashionable audiences. In Mr. Hamblin's Romeo there is much to admire. In the terrace *scene*, so rarely played well, from misconception of the part, he was indeed perfect. In several others too, particularly the parting scene with Juliet, and the last we hardly ever saw equalled—never surpassed. Though Virginius we consider his *forte*, yet we cannot apply to him as Romeo, those lines of the immortal Shakspeare commencing with

"Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage;"—

His readings were unusually happy and the acting was *Hamblin's*—need we—can we say more.

Miss Vincent.—We know not how to express our opinion of this young lady. If we say she was *perfect*, would it not be *too* much?—but to repeat she did *well*, would it not look as if we intended to "damn her with faint praise?" She [illegible] neither perfect nor did she merely "act *well* her part," for she was *almost* perfect, and with a little more experience will be quite so. Her acting has a charm from the fact that she is barely sixteen—that she is a beautiful and highly accomplished young lady—that she has the prettiest foot in the world—that she is teased to death by the beaux—in fact, that she is the most promising *debutante* in this country. We said before that her personation of Juliet, was not perfect; we say so now, but do not believe with the exception of Mrs. Duff, that it can be played better, on our boards. Miss Fanny Kemble possibly would excell beyond comparison, but we doubt it. In one scene (act, 3d—scene 3d) when she repeats,

"Come phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all?
Must I of force be married to the county?
No, no!—this shall forbid it:—he thou there, &c.

And also when reciting the following lines, immediately succeeding,

"O look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, stay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee."

We never saw Juliet's character better conceived, more deeply felt, or nearly so well performed. The effect was electrifying—tremendous. A "three times three" at a 4th of July dinner was nothing to it. The house was in raptures and the scene will ever hold a place in the memories of a delighted audience.

PARK.

The tragedy of Othello was performed on Wednesday evening, for the benefit of Mr. Forrest; and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather he was greeted with a bumper, which after all we must ever consider the best critique on an actor's performances. Editors may praise or censure from interest or spite, but the approbation of the public is usually spontaneous and disinterested. It is our own opinion that the personation of the Moor was a masterly piece of acting. Mr. Forrest may have his faults, (who has them not!) but these faults weigh but little when put in the scale against his excellencies. He has embraced a profession that requires much mental and bodily discipline, which we doubt not his ambition will lead him to practice.

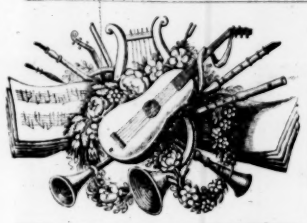
RICHMOND HILL.

Communication.

Mr. Russell brings out his original drama of Eugene Aram this evening. Of course, we cannot pretend to speak of its dramatic merits; but if it be equal in interest to the story on which it is founded, or to the novel of Bulwer from which (we presume) it is more immediately drawn, it cannot fail to be highly attractive. We shall endeavor to speak of it more fully in our next.

Miss Dyer has been captivating the hearts of the visiters of this theatre during the past week, by her spirited and natural acting in genteel comedy. We regret that her engagement is not to be of longer continuance.

Messrs. Foot and F. S. Hill have taken their departure.



The Casket.

"A nosegay of culled flowers, with nothing of our own but the thread that ties them."

WASHINGTON THEATRICALS.

A correspondent at Washington sent us the following "Farewell Address," recently spoken by Mrs. Drake, at the theatre of that city. It is from the pen—as rumour and *on dit* go—of a celebrated southern *belle*, whose parties, *bon mots*, flights of fancy, &c. &c, are considered peculiarly racy and piquant. Who is she? What's the name? We cannot tell—we will not tell—and what is more, we dare not tell. Did you ever see the beautiful orange groves of Florida? A word to the wise &c.—*Ed. Philad. Album.*

FAREWELL ADDRESS,

By Mrs.——, of Florida, delivered by Mrs. DRAKE, at the Washington Theatre.

I come not now to ask your smiles or tears,
For tragic woes, feigned joys, or fancied fears—
My part is played. The mimic scene is o'er,
I tread these friendly boards perhaps no more!
NO more! no more! Oh, no! I will not deem
That it must be no more! No: let me dream
I yet may meet those patrons kind and dear,
Whose cordial greetings bade me welcome here;
For whom my grateful heart must ever swell,
Though scarce my tongue can falter out—farewell.

Farewell! A stranger to these walls I came,
Unknown—except some slight provincial fame—
It is not as a stranger I depart,
Fond recollections 'twine around my heart;
And wheresoever I may chance to roam,
Next to my loved, and cherished youthful home,
Will rank this city of the fair and free;
So kind to all—so doubly kind to me!
Worthy to bear that name so loved—so prized,
To virtue dear—by freedom idolized!

Farewell! farewell! I never can forget,
Though I can never repay the boundless debt
I owe your kindness. O'er the waves afar,
Even as I mus't beneath the unchanging star
That guides the seaman o'er the trackless deep,
For you will thought her constant vigils keep:
Farewell! farewell! If half of what I feel
Could find fit words: but no! the drops that steal
To cool my burning lids, (fond memory's dew)
Are all the eloquence I have for you!

Farewell! I linger—farewell! once again,
I but protract our parting—ah! in vain—
Bear with me yet a moment—ere my task
Is closed—and let me one last favor ask
If on your minds should rise in after times
Some scene—some word—a thought—a vagrant rhyme
Which may recall me—if they too recall
My faults—ah! let your kindness veil them all!
Farewell! once more! oh! what a withering spell
Dwells in that one sad word—farewell! farewell!

A Lover in the days of Charles the Second.—"I laughed because she did; and the greatest pleasure I found in my books (which were the only things that pretended to occupy a thought besides,) was in twisting her into every possible heroine, shape, and posture, that were to be met with in the bowers of poetry. She was Chloris, and Doris, and Sacharissa, and Venus:—Venus from that day, being a buxom little girl, with a nese inclining to the turned up, and half shut eyes. So thought I, the tass of the "Wedding" looked, when she was going to be married:—

"Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compared to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly."

Such was the ribbon round the waist which made the poet very properly cry out, when he got possession of it, and held it waving in the air,—

"Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round."

The little rogue knew her power, and took the passion in the merriest manner in the world; that is to say, as far as she was capable of it; which was about as much, at that time, as was afterwards in vogue. I was more serious: but nothing could hinder her from laughing and playing the romp. Sometimes, when I was saying tender things, full of gravity, she would put on my hat, and go making a thousand antics over the green, for me to catch her. Another time she would dip her head into a great tub of water, and come shaking the curls in my face. Unfortunately, she was not unwilling to make me jealous. I was scrupulous on that point, and hence we came to have some quarrels. However we parted in July on the best terms, with exchanges of locks of hair, only she was eating a great piece of cake all the while: for which I could have beaten her."—*Sir Ralph Esher.*

Skeleton Dancing and Boxing.—The performances at the Washington Theatre, on Tuesday night were for the benefit of Corporal (not *corporeal*) Edson the breathing skeleton. His boneship was to enact Jeremiah Thin, in the new play of Rochester, the starved Apothecary, in Romeo and Juliet, take part in a Pas de Deux, and undertake *a set-to* with Mr. Parsloe, by way of exhibiting some of the phenomena pertaining to "the noble science of self-defence." There must have been a famous "rattling among the dry bones."—*N. Y. Eve. Journal.*

Anecdote.—Captain Brown quotes a passage from Johnston's *Sketches of India*, in which the latter speaks of the playful antics of bears:—

"He began to ascend (the scaffolding) very steadily, cautiously examining, as he went along, the various joints, to see that they were secure. At length, to the infinite amusement and astonishment of the workmen, he reached the summit—120 feet high. Bruin had no sooner attained the object of his wishes, than his physiognomy exhibited great self gratulation; and he looked about him with much complacency, and inspected the building operations going on. The workmen were much amused with their novel visitor; and every mark of civility and attention was paid him, which he very coolly and haughtily returned, by good-humouredly presenting them with a shake of his paw. A fine bucket was now hoisted, in order to lower him down; and the workmen, with all due courtesy, were going to assist him into it, but he declined their attentions, and preferred returning in the manner he had gone up. He afterwards repeated the visit."

The Orthonyncus.—This remarkable animal, which forms the link between the bird and beast, has a bill like a duck, and paws webbed similar to that bird, but legs and body like those of a quadruped, covered with thick, coarse hair, with a broad tail to steer by. It abounds in the rivers of New Holland, and may be seen bobbing to the top every now and then, to breathe, like a seal, then diving again in quest of its prey. It is believed to lay eggs, as a nest with eggs in it of a peculiar appearance was some time ago found. It bears a claw on the inside of its foot, having a sole therein, through which it emits a poisonous fluid into the wounds which the claw inflicts; as, when assailed, it strikes its paws together, and fastens upon the enemy like a crab.—*Cunningham's New South Wales.*

Much has been said on the enormous salaries given in this country to foreign *artists*; but their is every reason to believe that there are other countries which are equally lavish, or nearly so, in rewarding acknowledged talent. Donzelli is at present fulfilling an engagement at Parma, at a salary of 12,000 francs for two months; and Perot, the dancer, who appeared in this country as a third rate actor some short time ago, now insists upon a salary of 40,000 francs (£1,600,) for an engagement of three months.'—*Morning Herald.*

Rustic wit.—A poor man having disposed of the letters of his name, according to his own fancy, upon his tax-cart, was summoned for the offence, and for turning the act of parliament into ridicule, by having the following letters on his tax-cart:

A most odd act on a tax-cart.

The poor fellow observed that he was no scholar, but his name was Amos Todd, he lived at Acton, and he understood that he was obliged to paint the letters, "A Tax Cart."

PARODY
ON "ARAB'S DAUGHTER."

Good bye, good bye to thee, Fisherman's daughter—
Thus bawl'd out an oysterman down market space;
No shad ever swam under Delaware's water
More red in its gills than was Winny's sweet face.

O, fat as an oyster within the shell dozing,
How soft was thy heart till gin's witchery came;
Like the wave of the bay all thy virtues enclosing,
And crush'd all thy beauty and wither'd thy frame.

O, long through the streets, when our business loud calling
Shall oysters and fishmongers weep o'er the doom
Of her who lies deaf to our roaring and bawling,
With naught but regar to light up our gloom.

And still when the 'bay and shad' season comes in,
And calls from their bed both the young and the old;
Then the fish-trading craft, ay, the lover and woman,
At sunrise shall scream when thy story is told.

The gin-drinking maid, while the herring she dresses,
The fossil of the day her last penny paid for;
When she thinks of thy fate will forget her distresses,
And mournfully turn to the bottle once more.

Nor shall Jemmy, beloved of his hero, forget thee
Though so blue by his hero no naught can discern,
Close, close by the neck of that hero he'll set thee,
Or plunge head and heels in thy wave girdled urn.

Good bye—be it ours to think what a hard pillow
Thy soft heads is laid on—may'st thou find a shell
Large enough to protect thee from sharks of the billow,
Where thou'll quietly sleep and enchantingly dwell.

Around thee will glisten the loveliest fishes
That ever were caught by the net or the line;
With oceans of clams, winding throughout the sea meshes,
Thy chamber of rest most tastaciously fine.

We'll dive—our to ga down where our fortunes are creeping,
Then keep in thy home and take care of thy head;
We're loath to disturb thee, so sweetly thou'st sleeping,
So rul' away off with thy smooth oyster bed.

Good bye—good bye—until brandy's sweet fountain
Is lost to the taste of the beaux and the belle—
They'll long for the hero—the dew of the mountain,
They'll do as the maid did that sleeps in that shell.

TROLLING FOR SALMON.

Being on a visit of business to the town of Williamsport, on the west branch of the Susquehannah, I was invited to accompany a friend or two on the river, to *troll for Salmon*; and being ever ready to join a fishing party, I accepted the invitation with alacrity, prepared to expect much amusement from the description I had of this mode of fishing—besides being anxious, both to see and *taste* the far-famed delicacy of that noble river. Having procured a twine line of about four hundred feet in length, and attached two hooks of a proper size to one of its extremities, and then two others about an inch and a half above those that were first fastened on, with the points of all four set in opposite directions, and obtained a few small eels of a peculiar species, about three inches in length, which are found in the mud along the margin of the river, we pushed from the shore in a small row boat, and directed our course to a point a mile or two below the town, where the bright and transparent waters of the river, seemingly as pure as when they issued from their fountains, expanding and deepening, denoted a favorite haunt of the fish we were in pursuit of.

Eager as we were to engage in the amusement before us, we could not but pause to gaze on the beautiful landscape while hopped to us, as we glided towards the spot just alluded to. On the left of the river a long extent of level and fertile land, in high cultivation, was visible; while from the opposite bank ascended a range of lofty mountains, densely covered with forest trees, exhibiting the rich and gorgeous tint which so pre-eminently distinguish our autumnal foliage, and which were reflected in all their brightness from the glassy surface of the river, as it stretched far before us with its numerous islets. Arriving at the place where we proposed to fish, the courtesy of my friends awarded to me the opportunity of trying my fortune first; and instructing me in the use of the line, I took my station in the stern of the boat. After attaching two of the little eels to the hooks I began to unwind and throw off my line; one of the party being at the oars, and gently and with as little noise as possible, propelling the boat, so as merely to keep the line upon the stretch, without allowing the bait to drag on the bottom.

The whole extent of the line being at length unwound, and the regular propulsion of the boat continued, the boat was played alternately drawing the line towards me with a quick motion, and then leaving it stationary for a few moments, until the progress of the boat brought it again on the stretch, when the same movement was repeated. But a few minutes elapsed before I felt the shock of a *bite*; when instantly jerking, and arresting the progress of the boat, I paused a moment to satisfy myself that the fish was hooked. The successive stretching and relaxation of the line confirmed my hopes, and I immediately began with due circumspection, to draw in—and now arose the high excitement which I found so particularly to characterize this sport, as expectations of a prize worth taking, and of success in securing it—mingled with apprehensions of losing it through mismanagement, occupied my thoughts: and which the reiterated cheers or admonitions of my companions, as I exhibited skill or awkwardness, only tended to heighten.

The struggle for liberty and life, on the one hand, and for victory and its consequence—the *bouquet*, on the other, now commenced in earnest—and like a wary politician, who often concedes a trifling advantage to secure a greater, it became necessary occasionally to allow him a few yards of line, and to watch favorable opportunities to recover it, with more. The resistance made by my captive was not, however, very vehement at first, for after making an unsuccessful effort to disengage himself in one direction, he would permit himself to be drawn passively for a few feet towards the boat, before he would repeat his attempt, and then, as though he had paused to collect his strength, he would shoot off laterally with the utmost velocity, until his career would again be arrested. At one moment he might be seen struggling on the surface, and then, in an instant, darting towards the bottom, where he would remain quiet for a little time, as if anxious to secrete himself, until the stretching of the line would re-awaken all his fears, and rouse him to renewed exertions. On nearing the boat, and as soon as we became visible, his efforts were redoubled and unceasing; darting about in every direction, and sometimes with such impetus as to make the line whistle as it cut the water. Having brought him within a few yards of the boat, the utmost caution in playing him was now indispensable, lest his violent and unceasing efforts should tear out the hold of the hooks, and enable him to escape. Exhausted at last in some degree, by his exertions, I seized a favorable moment when near the surface, and as he was dashing by, to vary a little its course, and aided by his own impulse, to hoist him into the boat; having the gratification to find my prize to be a fine salmon, of a large size.

Again baiting our hooks, we continued our amusement for several hours, pursuing the same method, and with fine success, carrying with us to town a number of these delicious fish, which were served before us next day at dinner, and whose exquisite flavor was heightened by all the appliances that skilful cookery and the most piquant sauces could confer.

In conclusion, I must add my testimony to that of many epicures, in pronouncing the salmon of the Susquehannah one of the greatest luxuries of this fish kind, equaling, if not surpassing in richness and delicacy, even the trout of the lakes.

Sporting Magazine.

SOUTHERN RACES.

Adams Co. (*Miss.*) Jockey Club Races commenced Dec 28, 1831. The first day, four mile heats, free for all horses, was won by Col. Bingaman's Tatchechuma, in two heats, beating Medley and Sir William. Time, 8m. 18s.—8m. 5s.

Second Day, three mile heats: Col. Bingaman's Red Rover, five years old, Mr. Tunstall's Volcano, four years old, and Mr. Perkins' Stockholder, five years old were entered as competitors. The weather was delightful, and the track in fine order; hundreds attended, anticipating great sport, nor were they disappointed. Rover against the field.

At the tap they all got off well together, and in hand: Rover leading, Volcano second, followed closely by Stockholder, and continued thus for the first two miles and a half. Upon approaching the third turn in the third mile, Volcano closed up and passed Rover on the turn, and was immediately followed by Stockholder, who succeeded in passing Volcano, and winning the heat. Rover dropped within the distance stand. Time 6m. 26s.

Upon the signal being sounded for the 2d heat all the horses again appeared at the post, and got off in the same order as the first. Rover seemed more in earnest, and the pace was a better one. At the last turn in the third mile Volcano passed Rover, and locked Stockholder, who gave way, and took the heat by several feet. Rover just within the distance again. Time, 6m. 7s.

It was now clear that Stockholder's chance was out, and he was withdrawn. High and even betting between Rover and Volcano.

Third Heat.—Neither horse showed any symptoms of distress. Their unruffled appearance, elastic step, and burning eye, portrayed their eagerness for the contest. The signal sounded, and off went the competitors. The Buccaneer evidently had all sail set, determined to show no quarter. Nothing daunted, Volcano followed close in his wake, seemingly in hand. Round they went two miles and a half, with a strong stroke, and a steady one. As they approached the last turn in the third mile, the interest of the spectators became intense, for there Volcano had commenced his runs in the two first heats. Not so in the present one; for not until he had completely entered into the last quarter was the whip and spurs applied. As they neared the judges' stand the space between the horses gradually lessened to a few feet—but it would not do—Rover's rider was wide awake. He pulled and spurred his nag with great judgment, kept him in his stride, and won the heat in gallant style in 6m. 5s.

Fourth heat.—Rover again took the lead at his best pace; Volcano could never reach him. The red flag waved in triumph, and Rover carried off the purse. Time 6m. 18s. Volcano contended for each heat, and gained the reputation of a bottomed nag.

Third Day, two mile heats: won by Col. Bingaman's grey filly Madge Wildfire, beating Mr. Simon's filly, Ann Beauchamp, and Mr. Bell's b. c. John Miller, in two heats. Time, 3m. 57s.—1m. 2s.

Fourth Day, a sweepstakes for two year old colts; mile heats, $500 entrance, six entries: won by Messrs. Ford and Marks' b. c. Little Jack, beating Mr. Bell's bay filly, Mr. Fleming's chilly, Zephyr, and Mr. Chambers's Natchez Belle, three heats, (first heat was won by Zephyr.)

Time, 2m.—2m. 1s.—2m. 10s. Track very heavy, from rain during the night.

Same day, at four o'clock, came off the match between Lady Adams, by Virginian, aged; and Helen Mar, by Sumpter, six years old; two miles out, for $2000 aside; to carry feather weights. Two to one on Helen. It was won easy by Lady Adams.—Time, 4m.—*Turf Register.*

Superior qualities of the Eagle House.—*Mr. Editor*—It has been suggested to me, that the term *blood horse* is not properly understood, and that a common impression prevails, that the word blood, as applied to this animal, imports only high spirits and vigor, and that every horse, no matter what may have been his origin, is entitled to this qualification, if he is young, high mettled and strong. Nothing can be more absurd, or indicative of greater ignorance on the part of those who profess an acquaintance with the perfect qualities of this noble quadruped.

A blood horse is one whose origin can be traced to the "Arab Steed," or "Barbary courser." To be of *pure* blood implies direct genealogy, without the least collateral admixture, from an Arabian sire and a Barbary, or Arabian dam. There are no distinguishing attributes, so perfectly characterised as those of the high bred or blood horse,—and there is no animal, whether biped or quadruped, that so certainly perpetuates its ancestral virtues. The blood horse is the only legitimate aristocrat. His pretensions to rank are undisputed.

The common objection of our breeders to the blood horse is, that their bones is too small, there must consequently be a deficiency of power, as compared with the common animal of the country. I grant, this appears somewhat reasonable at first sight, but the contrary is susceptible of demonstration. There is the same comparative difference of compactness and strength between the Eastern horses employed in the public service—horses of such superior form and appearance, that the above officers were led to make much enquiry respecting their history: and this proved so extraordinary, that Capt. Lindsey was sent to examine and make more particular inquiry respecting the fine cavalry which had been so much admired, and with instructions, that if the size answered the description which had been given of him, the captain was to purchase him, if to be sold. Capt. Lindsey succeeded in purchasing the horse, when, on inquiry, he ascertained beyond all doubt, that he had been the most valuable animal in the stud of the Emperor of Morocco, who presented him to the commander of a British frigate for some very important services rendered his son. The Frigate visited one of the West India Islands before she returned to England, and the horse having been put on shore for exercise, fell over some timbers in a lumber yard and broke three of his legs. In this state he was given to the captain of a Connecticut vessel, who bound up his fractured limbs, brought him to this country, and succeeded in putting him on a good footing. The horse was known in Connecticut as the Ranger, and in Virginia as Lindsey's Arabian.—*Transcript.*

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S. J. Sylvester, 130 Broadway,

KNOWN as the ever and always lucky, would remind his friends and the public at large, that he is regularly licensed by the several states in which he has offices, to vend authorized lottery tickets, all of which are the original—those persons purchasing of him, will be protected from fraud or imposition.

The general satisfaction *Sylvester* has hitherto given, and the liberal patronage he has received from all parts of the Union will but stimulate him in his exertions to meet the wishes of his friends, and of the public, punctuality, dispatch, and the strictest honour, will insure him the continuance of their favors, he feels confident of obliging them and he proudly refers to the past as a guarantee for the future. All those who are not already acquainted with Sylvester, can refer to the very first houses in every section of the country, also to the respectable managers, Messrs Yates & McIntyre.

In another advertisement it will be seen that S. J. S. attends as usual to the exchange and commission business; letters will meet with the same attention as on personal application. Those who remit funds without naming any particular class, will have tickets in the first good scheme.

☞ Orders must be addressed in all cases to

S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. York,
Pittsburgh, Pa., Baltimore, Md., Paterson, N. J.

N. B. To save postage, those that request a certificate of the tickets will be sent and the same will be lodged in the Bank subject to the order of the purchaser. This mode of late has met with much success.

TO PRINTERS.

A. PELL & BROTHER,
LATE WM. HAGUE & CO.

HAVE removed their Type [illegible] Foundry to No. 26 Gold st. John street, New-York, and having [illegible] ged their premises, are prepared to [illegible] with great despatch. All article Printers furnished to order at the prices; Chases, Composing Stick constantly on hand.

They have complete series of Fonts, [illegible] to Diamond, of a light face and beautiful [illegible] which they offer with great confidence, as being very superior articles. The following are their prices (uniform with other Foundries) at 6 months credit or 7 1-2 per cent discount for cash:

	Per lb.
Six Line Pica, and all larger,	28 cts
Canton to Six Line Pica,	30
Double English to Double Paragon,	32
Great Primer to Double Pica,	34
English and Pica,	36
Long Primer,	14
Bourgeoise,	46
Brevier,	56
Minion,	70
Nonpareil,	90
Agate,	1.16
Pearl,	1.40
Diamond,	2.00

All other articles of the Type Foundry, in proportion.

☞ A. PELL & BROTHER, cast their book and newspaper fonts of a metal much lighter than that commonly in use, and which they will warrant much more durable.

A. P. & B. are Agents for the sale of the Smith's Press, manufactured by R. Hoe & Co. and for the "Washington Press," invented by Rust.

The following are the prices at 6 months credit:

Medium or Royal, $230. Super Royal, $240. Imperial $250. No 2, $260. No. 3, $275.

New-York, Jan. 20th 1832.

DENTIST

Dr. S. BAKER & SONS,

SURGEON DENTISTS, 177 Broadway, a few doors from Courtlandt St. New-York, respectfully inform the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession from the setting of a single tooth to a full set of the best kind of teeth of every description. He also cleans, divides and fills hollow teeth and extracts in the best and most careful manner. All teeth shall be set with the greatest care and ease to the patient, and his charges shall be moderate. He also makes and has on hand the best of Tooth Powder at a reasonable price; and if it do not suit, after a person has tried it once with warm water at night, they are at liberty to return it, and receive their money. For a dentist to advise people respecting their teeth is very difficult; for many directly think that he advises for his own good, and not for the good of their teeth: and in this way, and by neglect of parents, thousands of young people's teeth begin to rot before they know it.

We shall be happy to wait upon those ladies and gentlemen who desire our attendance at their respective dwellings.

New York, February 1 1832.

Notice to Printers.

THE subscriber having tested and established the superiority of my Machine Cast Type, over that cast by hand, I beg leave to call your attention to the following remarks:—

By the aid of a forcing pump, applied at the instant of forcing the letter, the metal is compressed and rendered much more compact at the *letter end* of the type than when cast by hand. The air in the mould, by this process, is driven from the letter to the foot end of the type, and finding no way of escape, the mouth being closed, it there occupies a portion of the space in the mould, which otherwise would have in hand casting be filled with metal; thereby forming cavities within the stems, by which the weight of the type is diminished 10 to 12 per cent. below that cast by hand, yet leaving the body of the type abundantly strong. My recent improvement in the composition of type metal, with the advantages before named, gives a durability to type cast by this process, not attainable by the ordinary mode of casting. To my former extensive variety, has recently been added a [illegible] of much admired *Light Face'd Type*.

Your orders are respectfully solicited by

Your obedient servant, E. WHITE,
No. 16½ Pearl Street.

Dr. I. Francis,

SURGEON DENTIST, 23 Chatham street, between Duane and Pearl streets, New-York, respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen, that he continues to practice in all the various branches of his profession, from the setting of a single tooth to a full set. He cleans, divides, and fills hollow teeth in the neatest manner; and warrants his *Autioxidatique Wash*, as completely efficacious in curing the diseases of the gums, fastening loose teeth, preserving the same from being carious from further decay, and is a certain cure for the tooth ache. His *Teeth Metallic Incorruptible Teeth* are a real imitation of nature; and having passed the ordeal of fire in making them, they do not absorb the saliva so as to become offensive either to the taste or smell; no particle of food can adhere to them, so the breath remains sweet. The incorruptible teeth retain color, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty not surpassed by any. He also sets *Artificial Human Eyes* which cannot be distinguished from real, and will perform every motion of the eye, without giving the slightest pain. Those wishing to honor him with their commands, will find his charges moderate. The post attended to every morning, from 7 to 8 o'clock, gratis. dec 24 1

TEMPERANCE HOUSE OF REFRESHMENTS, AND READING ROOM.

THE subscriber returns his sincere thanks for the encouragement he has met with, since his commencement. He now informs his friends and the public generally, that he has taken and neatly fitted up the whole of the basement story in the FRANKLIN BUILDINGS, *corner of Ann and Nassau streets*, in a manner which enables him to accommodate any number, and hopes by his endeavors to give satisfaction to merit a continuance of their patronage. Refreshments of all kinds everything inebriating liquors from sun-rise to 10 o'clock in the evening.

H. PATTINSON.

N. B. Most of the city papers are received and kept on file. m. 10, 1831

BRUCE'S
NEW-YORK TYPE FOUNDRY,

ESTABLISHED in 1813.—The subscriber has completed a new edition of his book of Specimens, which while its customers, and other printers disposed to buy from him, may be supplied on application at his Foundry, Nos. 18 and 20 Ann-street, behind the City Hall. He would remark, for the information of those who have not been in the habit of dealing with him, and because a different practice has been extensively introduced of late, his book contains nothing but the actual productions of his own Foundry, and presents a true specimen of what will be furnished to orders. The assortment is very complete, has been selected duly and carefully in twenty years, being at this present high state of perfection, and embraces a variety of styles adapted to different tastes and to the various departments of printing, Newspaper, Book, and Job, highly finished, and cost of the most serviceable metal. Not to notice the varieties which are distinguished by their numbers in the Book, it contains of

ROMAN and ITALICK, 27 sizes from 12 line Pica to Pearl.

TWO-LINE and TITLE 15 sizes, Two-line Columbian to Agate.

SHADED, 13 sizes, Two-line Pica to Long Primer.

ITALIAN, 7 sizes, Seven-line Pica to Long Primer.

ANTIQUE, 17 sizes, Ten-line Pica to Nonpareil.

BLACK, 12 sizes, Four-line Pica to Minion.

OPEN BLACK, 5 sizes, Four-line Pica to Great Primer.

SCRIPT, 2 sizes, Double Small Pica and Great Primer.

Besides Musick, Back Slope, Ornamental Letters and Lottery Figures, Pica Fractions, Superiors, Astronomical and other Signs, Space